
JULY 23, 1984
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TIME
A Historic Choice
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Three-day eventing: the equestrian discipline which combines all others under saddle. A formal dressage test; a twenty-mile endurance test; breathtaking stadium jumping. Demanding the utmost of horse and rider—form, precision, endurance, speed, strength.

Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., the country's foremost sponsor of amateur equestrian sports, proudly salutes the riders and nations competing in the Los Angeles Summer Games.

JULY 23, 1984

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 124 No. 4

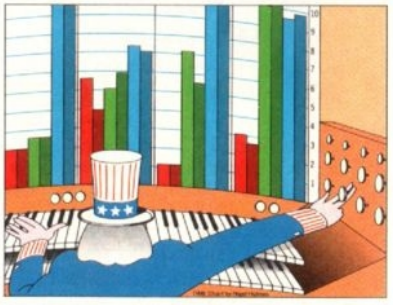
COVER: A Congresswoman from Queens makes political history 10

"Vice President," she said, "it has such a nice ring to it." With characteristic gusto, Geraldine Ferraro—tough, charming, urban, ethnic—accepted Walter Mondale's offer of the No. 2 spot on the Democratic ticket. Glorious breakthrough or cagey political move? Is she the best candidate or an underqualified token? One thing is certain: as Mondale put it, "This is an exciting choice." *See* NATION.

WORLD: For Nigeria, corruption becomes a tense diplomatic issue 52

Nigerians say their ex-minister, victim in the kidnap plot, is a symbol of past abuses, but Britain sees only lawlessness and expels two diplomats from the country. ▸ Washington expresses its annoyance at erratic Greek policies by threatening to send surplus U.S. planes to Turkey instead of Athens. ▸ York Minster, Britain's famed Gothic cathedral, is badly damaged by fire.

BUSINESS: Western Europe's late-blooming recovery is looking rosy 66



TIME's European economists see good growth for the next 18 months, but worry about the impact of high American interest rates and the huge U.S. budget deficit. ▸ Americans traveling abroad are enjoying a windfall as the dollar reaches record highs. ▸ Several electric utilities may have to raise rates substantially to ward off bankruptcy.

Cover:
Photograph by Diana Walker

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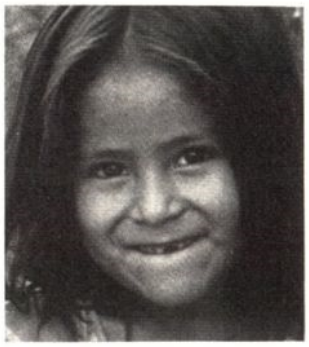
Put your love to the test.

How much love do you have to give?
Answer these simple questions and find out.



If I saw a lost, frightened child on my street, I would immediately stop and help.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I often feel frustrated and helpless when I see a news story about desperately poor or sick children.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I believe that no child should ever have to do without nourishing food, decent housing, medical care, or schooling.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I think that the best way to help children is not through handouts—but rather, by teaching families to help themselves.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I believe that impoverished children should receive help within their *own* families.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I especially wish there were an effective way I could personally help just *one* desperately poor child and family.
☐ YES ☐ NO

If I could be assured that my money was being spent effectively, I would definitely consider helping.
☐ YES ☐ NO

If I could help a child for as little as 72¢ a day, I would.
☐ YES ☐ NO

If you answered "YES" to these questions, you are the kind of person who *can* help a desperately poor child overseas... through *Foster Parents Plan*. In fact, for just 72¢ a day, you can make it possible for the child you sponsor to have nourishing food, medical care, decent housing, schooling...and hope. Imagine. Your spare change could change a child's life.

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How can you sponsor a child now and pass the test of love? Just answer "YES" to the rest of these questions, mail this entire application, or call toll-free 1-800-556-7918 today.

To start helping even faster, call toll-free:

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Detach and mail this entire application or call toll-free today.

Foster Parents Plan was founded in 1937 and this year will aid over 223,000 Foster Children and their families in more than 20 countries. We are non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political, and respect the culture and religion of the families we assist. Of course, your sponsorship is 100% tax-deductible, and a detailed annual report and financial statement are available on request.

☐ YES. I want to give $22 a month—just 72¢ a day—to sponsor *one* desperately poor child through *Foster Parents Plan* —making it possible for the child and family to have a better life, both now and in the future.

☐ YES. I want to help a: ☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

☐ **Wherever the need is greatest,** or as indicated below:

☐ Africa	☐ El Salvador	☐ Indonesia
☐ Bolivia	☐ Guatemala	☐ Nepal
☐ Colombia	☐ Honduras	☐ The Philippines
☐ Egypt	☐ India	☐ Thailand

☐ YES. I want to sponsor a child of about this age:
☐ 3-6 ☐ 7-10 ☐ 11-14 ☐ Any age 3-14.

☐ YES. I have enclosed a check for $22 for my first month's support of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ NO. I'm not ready to become a Foster Parent yet. But please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring. Within 10 days I'll make my decision. E308

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms. _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, 157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02887

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Your love *does* make the difference.

A Letter from the Publisher

Seven weeks ago, TIME posed a question on its cover: "And for Vice President . . . Why Not a Woman?" Last week the Democrats answered it resoundingly. It was obviously a question the nation was prepared to address as, for several increasingly intense weeks, it waited and watched while Walter Mondale pondered his choice of a running mate.

TIME's question


The Democrats' reply

The person selected by Mondale last week not only appeared on the cover that asked the fateful question but has been watched by the magazine for years. As early as 1978, when Queens, N.Y., Lawyer Geraldine Ferraro was completing her first campaign for a seat in the House of Representatives, TIME's NATION section described her well-organized political operation and asked why, after a decade of feminism, there are "so few Geraldine Ferraros" putting their education, insight and ambition on the line in pursuit of office. Five years later, in October 1983, in a bellwether article on the idea of a woman Vice President as "the logical next step," TIME suggested that Ferraro, by then a three-term Congresswoman, "would bring an ethnic and urban balance" to the campaigns of several of the then presidential contenders.

In this year's June 4 issue, when TIME bannered the female Vice President question across its cover, the NATION section took a long, tough look at the female aspirants and declared, "The thought of a woman Veep, which sounded a little far-fetched just a few months ago, has suddenly acquired a life of its own. The right woman might bring a feeling of something fresh and new to a campaign that so far has sounded like a large, heavy suitcase being tumbled, slow motion, down an interminable flight of stairs." That cover story, applauding the "bold aplomb" that took Ferraro from schoolteacher to assistant prosecutor to prominent national politician, went on to say, "It could, if the timing and political climate were precisely right, put her on the Democratic ticket in July." While taking due notice of her lack of expertise in arms control and foreign policy, TIME concluded, "People who know Ferraro would not lose any sleep if she were next in line for the presidency."

If Mondale had selected any one of several other vice-presidential candidates, whether a woman or man, TIME would have been prepared to make a thorough presentation of that choice to its readers. (The other figure on TIME's June cover was San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein, whom Mondale considered up to the last moment.) Still, we are pleased not only to have given the idea of a woman vice-presidential candidate national and international attention but to have helped zero in on Walter Mondale's eventual choice.

John a. Meyer

Letters

Erma's Laugh-In

To the Editors:

Your cover story on Erma Bombeck [LIVING, July 2] was a revealing close-up of that gifted lady. I must be a maverick. I am not one of her fans. But I admire her ability and the self-discipline she brings to her work. If she has been able to ease the strain of thousands of harassed housewives and mothers dealing with their daily chores, so much the better.

Catherine T. Squires
New London, N.H.

She gives us the lift we all need, a look at life with a laugh.

Mary M. McCarthy
Waban, Mass.

Erma Bombeck lives in us all. My law-student daughter says I gave her three housekeeping tips: keep pins in the pincushion, have a pencil by the phone and arrange fresh flowers when you do not have time to dust. Those chores will not kill her, and following that advice should fit in with her law career. Long live Erma's revenge: laughter.

Martha Weston
Plano, Texas

Some day, although it is not likely, I may fathom the reason for Bombeck's popularity. I find her provincial and inane. I am amazed women's brains do not rot during the time they are listening to her.

Alexandra Mayerle
Minneapolis

A part of motherhood is the pleasure in reading and loving Erma Bombeck's observations.

Robin Endow
Las Vegas

My husband claims one of Erma's columns can undo what I have learned in six months of Heloise.

Connie Daley
Upper St. Clair, Pa.

Erma Bombeck may be the best friend I ever had.

Mary Lou Seubert
Eugene, Ore.

Debt Strategy

How long do you think the Federal Government and the banks can pull the wool over our eyes? The banks that lent money to Latin American countries knew there was a good chance those countries would default [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, July 2]. They also knew that the U.S. Government would help them out with our tax dollars. Citizens should tell our Government to stop bailing out the banks.

Jan Theiss Guffey
San Jose, Calif.

In your excellent article on the world's debt, you say that Colombian President Belisario Betancur named the IMF as one of the villains of the international drama in his address at Cartagena. Those words were not used by the President. He said that "the IMF's adjustment programs do not necessarily lead to maintenance of high employment levels and real income in its member countries, as stated in the bylaws." We also hope that the President's remarks regarding the devastating consequences of the debt bomb's explosion will not become reality. There is still time to save several developing countries from chaos and several international banks from insolvency. The recent increase in the U.S. prime rate makes this more urgent.

Diego Pizano
Economic Adviser to the President
Bogotá, Colombia

Missile Maneuverings

Strobe Talbott's article [WORLD, June 25] is inaccurate and one-sided and not a balanced analysis of the most critical issue of our time: reducing the risk of an outbreak of nuclear war. Talbott failed to report the real story behind the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START): the dramatic, if quiet, movement by both sides toward an equitable and verifiable agreement. He also skips lightly over the fact that negotiations are in a hiatus because the Soviets refuse to return to the bargaining table.

I categorically reject Talbott's main thesis, namely that the U.S. has taken an intransigent and unrealistic position in START. In May 1982, President Reagan proposed the most sweeping reductions in nuclear arsenals ever offered. In contrast to the picture you presented, the U.S. proposal was not one-sided; it would require both the U.S. and the Soviet Union to reduce their ballistic-missile warheads by one-third. In addition we proposed substantial reductions in the numbers of ballistic missiles themselves, limits on ballistic-missile capability and intercontinental bombers. It was offered in a spirit of flexibility. In July 1983, the U.S. tabled a draft treaty which modified our original position in several ways in order to take account of concerns the Soviets had expressed.

Furthermore, in October 1983, we incorporated build-down into the U.S. approach and offered to explore trade-offs between the areas of U.S. and Soviet advantage. These trade-offs offered the best prospects for a breakthrough. Unfortunately, the Soviets were unwilling even to discuss trade-offs. The Soviets are highly patient and will attempt to outwait the West, hoping that we will negotiate among ourselves. Talbott fails completely to recognize this tried-and-true Soviet tactic.

Edward L. Rowny, Chairman
U.S. START Delegation
Washington, D.C.

Despite Ambassador Rowny's assessment, TIME *believes its story is accurate.*

Farrakhan Fury

Your sidebar on Minister Louis Farrakhan [NATION, July 2] was hypocritical and condescending. You said, "He is a bit player who will not get offstage." Why should he, as long as he can find an audience? Also, why should Jesse Jackson, just to impress people who are mostly enemies, "repudiate" a man who has shown friendship? His supporters are not demanding that he denounce Farrakhan.

Janet Singleton
Denver

Unaltered Facts

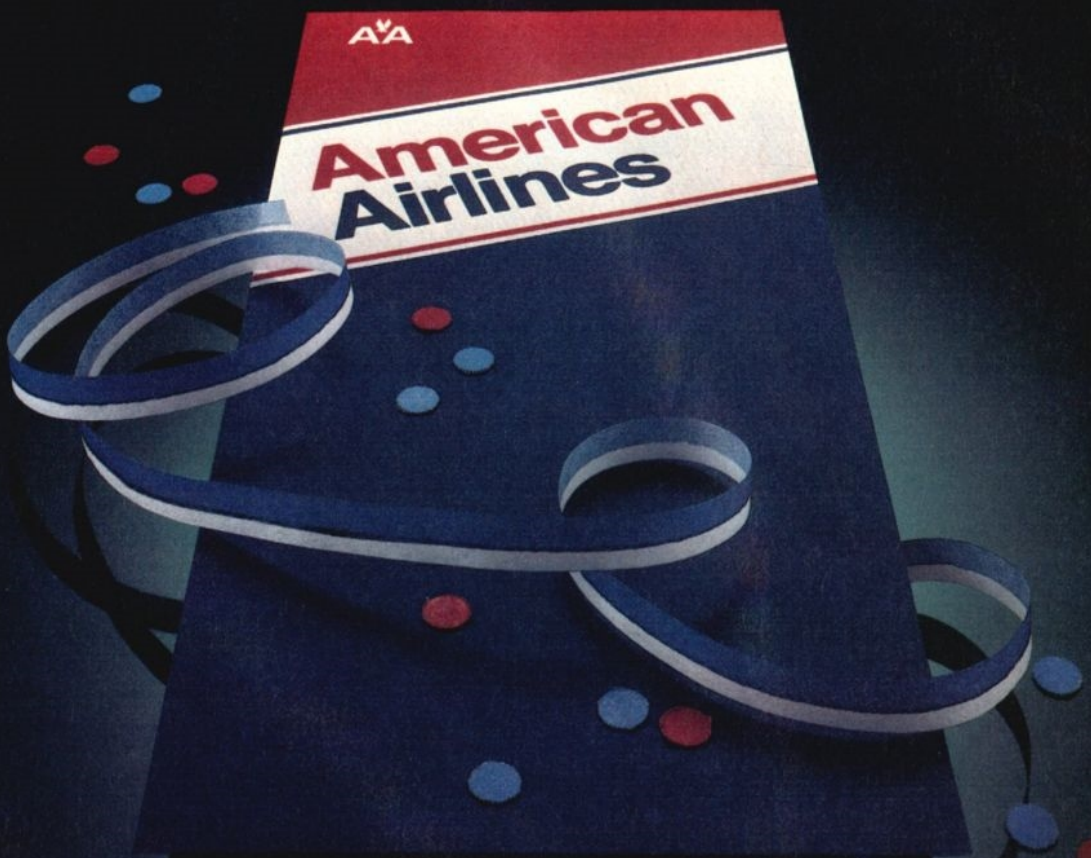
In "Embroidering the Facts" [PRESS, July 2], which properly criticizes a *New Yorker* writer for inventing scenes and using composite characters in nonfiction reportage, you wrote, "Reviewers challenged the reconstructed dialogue in David McClintick's 1982 Hollywood exposé, *Indecent Exposure,* and Don Kowet's *A Matter of Honor.*" Insofar as it pertains to *Indecent Exposure,* the statement is demonstrably false. No facts were altered in *Indecent Exposure* for any purpose. Reviewers in general did not "challenge" or otherwise criticize the reconstructed dialogue. Indeed, many reviewers praised the meticulous handling of the dialogue as well as the overall accuracy of the book.

David McClintick
New York City

Balance of Jobs

The supergood industrial jobs [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, June 25] that paid superwages gave Americans the opportunity to buy automobiles, homes and furniture, take vacations and send their children to universities. Even without skyrocketing interest rates and a federal deficit out of control, low-paying hospital, fast-food and custodial jobs will hardly

Announcing the 1984 Republican and Democratic ticket.

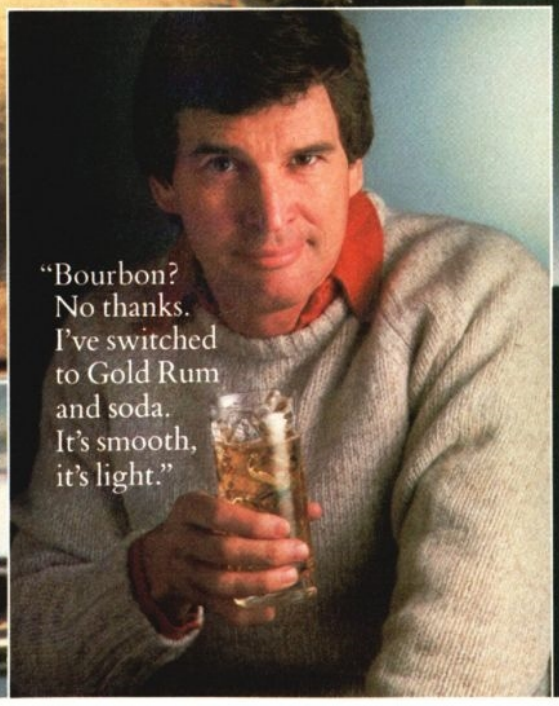


For the first time in history, one airline, American Airlines, has been chosen as the official carrier for both the 1984 Democratic and Republican Conventions. And why not? American has been winning votes for over 50 years from millions of passengers throughout the country. At American, we don't know the ticket each party will be running. But we do know the ticket they'll be riding.

American

We're American Airlines. Doing what we do best.

Gold Rum. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.



People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. Because it has the lightness people prefer today. Because it's so mixable.

You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum.

THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Letters

put bread on the table. The Remarkable Job Machine will backfire and spew out all the miseries of poverty for America.

Richard T. Baurmann
Humble, Texas

The growth of low-wage, low-benefit, low-skill, low-security jobs explains the need for a two-paycheck family income. But why should the two-paycheck family be the envy of the world?

Gene Damm
Albany

When American troops entered Italy during World War II, they found the economy in dire straits. The resilient Italians survived by selling black-market goods to one another. Americans will soon be playing a variation on the Italian ploy. They will survive by serving hamburgers and doughnuts to one another.

Frank Holan
Westminster, Vt.

Anonymity Revealed

Shame on TIME *for giving no by-line*
To a house poet who wrote a tribute fine
After the death of Laureate John
And all others who have long since gone.
Laureates and I would like to know it
Your name, you very clever poet.

Amy E. Preston
Bethlehem, Pa.

Our rhymer deemed his anonymity O.K.
But signs himself, most gratefully, Paul Gray.

Drinking and Driving

A child is an adult when he takes out a loan, marries, registers for the Selective Service, commits a crime or votes [NATION, July 2]. But when it comes to drinking, that responsible adult suddenly becomes a child again. Teen lives can be saved by abolishing mandatory registration with the Selective Service and letting young people enlist at their will, or by having mandatory registration at 21.

Anthony W. Dallmier
Olney, Ill.

I am a 19-year-old college student who works to pay part of my tuition. How can anyone tell me I cannot sit down and relax with a beer after a long, hard day?

Susan Lee
Atlanta

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Newport's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Newest

Box 100's

Alive with pleasure!

Mondale: "This Is

CONVENTION '84

"One last point," he says, his voice making its usual high climb but betraying no awareness that he is about to deliver the line of his life: "This is an exciting choice." Quickly he looks down at the rostrum, hunting for the next sentence in the speech. He continues: "I want to build a future." Wait. The audience is clapping. Walter Mondale appears surprised. They seem to be giving an ovation to his previous remark. Perking up like a bird, he acknowledges the woman standing to his right, as if seeing her for the first time. He smiles, she smiles back. The applause grows loud. "Let me say that again," says the delighted Mondale. *"This* is an *exciting choice!"* The crowd goes wild. Mondale is clapping too. Does he know yet what he has done?

Does *anyone* know what happened midday last Thursday in the Minnesota statehouse? If this were Great Britain or India, whose pulse would race? But *here*? It couldn't happen here. The professionals think they can explain it. As Mondale's running mate, Geraldine Ferraro doesn't balance the ticket philosophically, being liberal, pro-union and all, but it may help that she is Catholic, urban and ethnic, though that might hurt the Southern strategy. A sort of Sunbelt-Frostbelt standoff, if you get the drift, complicated by the blue-collar factor. Of course, the gender gap is the key to everything: more women, more votes. Got it. But wasn't something else involved in Mondale's decision to propose a woman for Vice President of the United States? Or did we only imagine that the nation whooped, quaked, froze, beamed?

And it wasn't only the women-ought-to-be-locked-in-the-kitchen nation or the women-are-better-than-God nation either. It was the great, quiet, don't-bother-me middle, awakened by a stroke to a new set of feelings and fumbling to put them in order.

History. So this is how it's made. One tends to think of history making in terms of treaties, crownings, facts, but it's the mind that makes the changes. Come November, a woman from Tulsa (Hartford, Butte) will hear the curtain of the voting booth shut behind her, and she will be alone with America and her own life.

an Exciting Choice"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY DIANA WALKER

Another woman's name will be on the ballot before her. However she votes, her thoughts about her place in the world will not be the same again.

If Ferraro's candidacy raises no new issues, it will intensify old ones nonetheless. Questions about Social Security, education, abortion, public housing are bound to take on a special quality when a woman addresses them. Discussions of arms agreements and foreign policy may also sound different from a mother's point of view. When her turn came to speak last Thursday, Ferraro sounded like any politician, male or female, touching the right chords ("Straightforward, solid Americans") and the right bases ("My good friend, Charlie Rangel, the Congressman from Harlem"). That may change, to her surprise, as she is confronted by questions and concerns that are not conventionally political.

There may be some fun in this campaign too—at last. Until Mondale's triumphant sentence, the most memorable remark this tedium produced was "Where's the beef?" Now, while tolerating the inevitable *Mr. Mom* jokes applied to Ferraro's husband, we should also have the more subtle pleasure of watching President Reagan tiptoe through the social land mines. Will Ferraro be a "gal," a "girl," a "lady"? There should be wonderful national bull sessions too: heated, sophomoric, serious. What is this "compassion factor" anyway? As if Elizabeth I were a dove. Sense and nonsense will gallop tandem through the land, and polls will be taken by the hour.

But in the long run, what happened in Minnesota was not just politics. The selection of Ferraro will affect not only the woman in the voting booth. It will be equally felt by the man who—today, next month, next year—stares across his desk, dining-room table or bed sheets and sees someone as if for the first time. There is no analogue to lean on, no sentimentalization to rely on, nothing Americans can do now but work the matter out for themselves and see where the rejiggled republic stands. The world's most powerful nation may be ready to be led by a woman, and any woman at all may prepare herself to lead it. This is an exciting choice.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

DIANA WALKER

New version of classic campaign pose: the vice-presidential hopeful speaks to crowd in Elmore, Minn., as her running mate and his wife look on

TIME/JULY 23, 1984

COVER STORIES

A Break with Tradition

In need of a political lift, Mondale picks a woman running mate

CAMPAIGN 84

James Johnson kept his glacial blue eyes glued to the motel-room TV set, his mouth slightly open as if in wonder. Walter Mondale's campaign chairman had been in the state capitol in St. Paul earlier that day, of course, but he wanted to relive that poignant experience. He switched around among all three networks, nodding in silent approval as anchormen described Mondale's running-mate selection as historic and unprecedented. The phone broke into Johnson's reverie: it was his boss calling. Johnson told him the story had dominated the nightly news and the national reaction was enthusiastic beyond all their hopes. Hanging up, he observed: "Walter Mondale has never experienced a day like this before. People were actually crying. He has never had this kind of response, this same kind of excitement."

The excitement was justified: Mondale's choice had broken the mold of American politics. It transformed what had been shaping up as a dull campaign grinding to a predestined conclusion into a less predictable venture already assured a place in history, whatever its outcome. The odds are firmly against Geraldine Ferraro, 48, actually becoming the first woman to stand next in line of succession to the White House. Ronald Reagan will be a formidable campaign foe. But the point was, no one could be sure; a thousand calculations—the effect of a woman national candidate on the female vote, the male vote, the South, the West, urban blue-collar workers, black and Hispanic voters—have to be done for the very first time. And assuredly not for the last time; those calculations enter into the making of every presidential election ticket from now on.

WALKER

Female enthusiasts greeting the Democratic ticket

For Mondale, the naming of Ferraro offered a more immediate payoff: it virtually ensured an upbeat, if not totally unified, Democratic Convention in San Francisco this week. Gary Hart, who said only hours before it was offered to Ferraro that he would accept the V.P. spot, lost what hope he had of winning over disaffected Mondale delegates. Jesse Jackson, the master political showman, had been upstaged; he will find it hard now to depict the Democratic Party as closed to outsiders. As for being possibly overshadowed by speakers like New York Governor Mario Cuomo and Senator Edward Kennedy, Mondale could look forward instead to hearing their rhetorical gifts lavished on his selection of a running mate.

Mondale had not set out in cool calculation to make a choice that

would imprint his name on the pages of American political-history books. Nor had the idea of selecting a woman hit him in a flash of inspiration. It had evolved, growing in fits and starts. Mondale's musing about the possibility began last fall when his vaunted political machine seemed on the verge of locking up the nomination almost before the primaries began. Hart's upset victory in the New Hampshire primary in February rudely suspended such thinking, which did not resume in earnest until May. Said one adviser: "We started thinking we had to consider a woman candidate, but not really expecting at that point that a woman would be chosen."

When the primary season ended on June 5, Mondale was almost certainly assured of a delegate majority, but he suffered a jolting loss in California, and his candidacy looked shaky. Reagan, bolstered by a reviving economy, was growing stronger by the week. To Mondale and his men, the need for a bold stroke became increasingly apparent. Said one aide: "We needed a tremendous lift, no matter the risk."

Thus began the much criticized parade of possible Veep candidates to North Oaks, Minn., for interviews with Mondale. Quite deliberately, a black mayor, Los Angeles' Tom Bradley, was invited first. A woman, San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein, soon followed. She quickly impressed the Mondale aides with her warmth, polish and preparation. "Feinstein had her own specific ideas on what a Vice President could do," a Mondale adviser recalls. When Ferraro arrived to discuss the work of the party platform committee, which she heads, Mondale sized her up as a possibility too. Henry Cisneros, the youthful Hispanic-American mayor of San Antonio, also was high on the list of visiting prospects.

Mondale and his advisers soon dropped the whole idea of selecting a candidate on the traditional basis of ticket-balancing geography. He needed much more than a Vice President who could deliver the electoral votes of a home state. When a Gallup poll showed Reagan 19 points ahead, the impulse to go for broke was reinforced. Jim Johnson held several senior staff meetings in Washington on the weekend of June 27-28. All the participants either were eager to see a woman selected or were open-minded.

Ferraro arrived in St. Paul with her husband John Zaccaro on July 2. Killing time while their spouses talked, Joan Mondale and Zaccaro took a tour of an art gallery. "Now tell me," Zaccaro asked, "which of the men is he going to pick?" Her reply was noncommittal. In private, she had pushed hard for the selection of a woman. "I don't have a chair at the boardroom table," she explained later about her influence on her husband. "I don't need one."

Ferraro, like Feinstein, seemed unafraid of taking on the vice-presidential race, even with the risk that she might be blamed if the ticket failed. Mondale's advisers were impressed by both women and soon became partisans of one or the other.

BENTLEY—PHOTOREPORTERS

They suspected she knew: Ferraro surrounded by press after speech in San Francisco

The Minnesotan was interested enough in Feinstein to dispatch Johnson to San Francisco on July 5. He had a 60-minute talk with Feinstein, probing for anything in her medical history or finances—or those of her husband Richard Blum, a wealthy investor—that might prove troublesome if she were selected. On the following Sunday, the New York *Times* carried a report, apparently inspired by a Mondale aide who favored Feinstein, that Mondale had been disappointed in Ferraro when the two had talked. Mondale called Ferraro the next day to tell her that the story was untrue. Ferraro did not seem reassured by the call, which had almost come too late. Says her husband John: "Gerri was losing interest real quick." Ferraro had not blamed Mondale for the newspaper story, but noted, "Obviously, somebody does not like me."

Feinstein's hopes were further buoyed that same Sunday when two Mondale staffers, Peter Kyros and Michael Cardoza, arrived at her house and stayed for four hours. They asked questions about her health, children, previous marriages (Feinstein and one husband had divorced; a second had died) and finances. "They messed up my Sunday," Blum complained with mock seriousness. "They wanted to know everything all the way back to kindergarten." On Monday the aides spent 14 hours at Blum's downtown office, scouring financial records. Blum ordered sandwiches sent in so reporters would not spot the Mondale men.

Last Tuesday John Reilly, the senior Mondale aide in charge of the Veep hunt, also tried to slip into San Francisco. But spotted by a CBS camera crew at the airport, he explained candidly that he was there to see not Feinstein but Ferraro, who had arrived for the pre-convention planning. He met with the Congresswoman for two hours in her Hyatt Hotel suite, seeking assurances that there were no potential problems in her past. As he left in a cab for the airport, Reilly found a TV van following. "Lose it," Reilly barked at the driver, who raced the car through alleys and side streets. At the airport, Reilly hid in a phone booth until his plane was ready to leave. On the same day, Mondale Aide Michael Berman went over finances with Ferraro's husband in New York.

Now the Mondale advisers knew that their boss might very likely turn to one of the two women, but they did not know which. As he worked on the convention acceptance speech he is ready to deliver this week, Mondale kept his short list of candidates in mind. He was framing an address that would stress his desire to open new opportunities for all Americans without abandoning the traditional values of family and hard work that Reagan has tried to seize for the G.O.P. "Writing the speech really crystallized his thinking about a running mate," says a Mondale aide.

As Mondale saw it, the choice of a woman would dramatically express his intention to open new doors. And the woman who most closely personalized what he would call the "classic American dream" was Ferraro, whose mother had worked as a seamstress to support her daughter after the father died. Ferraro, in turn, had

DIANA WALKER

Back-home greetings: crowd jams yard of Minnesota house where Mondale lived as a boy . . .

worked as a teacher to finance nighttime law-school classes. She has been unusually close to her husband for 24 years of marriage and to their three children. Said a Mondale adviser: "She totally symbolized Mondale's fundamental case."

On Wednesday afternoon, Reilly was deputized to phone Ferraro in San Francisco and tell her to stand by for a call from Mondale at 6:30 p.m. But Mondale did not finally commit himself, even to his closest aides, until half an hour before the scheduled call. Then, in a meeting with Johnson, Reilly and Press Secretary Maxine Isaacs, he looked around the North Oaks den and finally said it, simply: "Let's go with Ferraro."

Reilly dialed Ferraro's hotel in San Francisco, got the Queens Congresswoman on the phone and handed the receiver to Mondale. "Here goes," said Mondale to his aides, and into the mouthpiece, to Ferraro: "I'd like you to run with me . . . [pause] Great!" He passed the phone back to Reilly to arrange the logistics of getting her to Minnesota for the formal announcement. Reilly apologized for putting pressure on her just as she was about to deliver a foreign policy speech to the World Affairs Council in San Francisco. Unruffled, the Congresswoman replied, "I think I'll go out and give Reagan hell." (She did.) Reilly told her, "You'll be hearing from Peter Kyros," who was dispatched to bring her to Minnesota, and hung up.

The den erupted. Mondale and his aides cheered, shook hands and, in a strange gesture for that controlled group, slapped palms in the high-five manner of basketball players celebrating a slam dunk. Mondale a few minutes later strolled out onto the patio, lit a cigar and savored the moment alone. His younger son William, 22, joined him; they talked about, of all things, mosquitoes, which are plaguing North Oaks this summer.

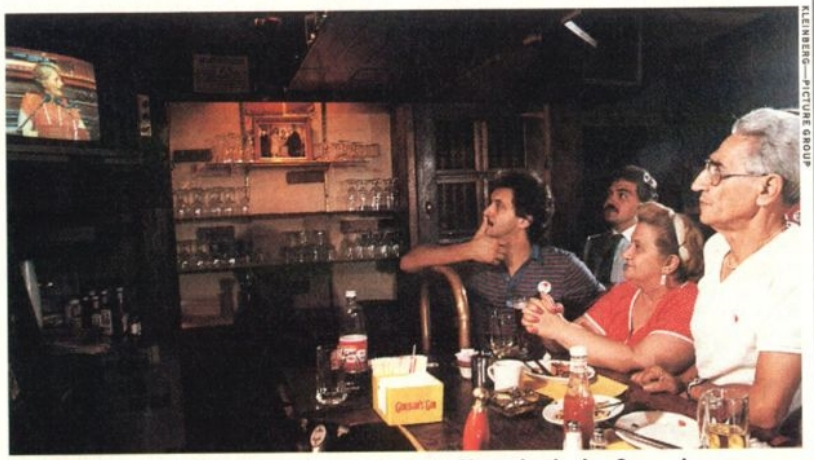
Ferraro, between her talk with Mondale and her speech, got in two quick calls. Her 18-year-old daughter, Laura, picked up the phone at the family home in Queens and said simply, "Well?" Ferraro: "It's yes." Laura: "Are you sure it's not 'maybe'? Are you sure it's not 'possibly'?" "It's definite," replied Ferraro. Laura screamed to her father, "Yes!" Then Ferraro called her mother Antonetta, 79, and told her to stop worrying about living alone in New York and "shift your prayers somewhere else." Said Antonetta: "I think I'm so excited, I'm going to faint."

Mondale had some calling to do too. After a supper of cold fried chicken with family and aides, he returned to the den to contact the other candidates he had been considering and tell them he had chosen someone else—without saying whom. Most reacted without surprise. Bradley had so little expectation of getting favorable word that embarrassed aides had to tell Mondale's assistants that the mayor had gone out on a private matter without bothering to tell them where he could be reached. Mondale did not get hold of him until Thursday morning.

Feinstein had agreed to pose for TIME as a possible Vice President and was just about to leave her Pacific Heights home for a nearby studio when the phone rang. She later recalled her conversation with Mondale: "He said, 'I want to tell you that I think you are a star. I want to tell you that you're on the top of the media's list, but I've decided to go another way and I hope you will trust me.' " Feinstein called off the photo session and went on calmly to attend a black-tie dinner. When reporters met with her the next day in her city hall office, a black-and-white MONDALE-FEINSTEIN button still reposed on a small china tray.

While Mondale was on the phone to the also-rans, Ferraro slipped out a side door of the St. Francis Hotel and was whisked into a waiting car; Kyros jumped in a block away from his stakeout post in front of a department store. At Oakland Airport, they boarded a Learjet owned by Tom Rosenberg, Mondale's Illinois finance chairman, who had been asked by Johnson that afternoon to have the plane flown to San Francisco. Ferraro, chatting with Rosenberg and Kyros on the flight to Anoka airport, a small field about ten miles from North Oaks, remarked that she felt oddly detached from all the turmoil. She arrived at Mondale's home at 1:45 a.m., talked with Mondale and his family in the living room for about 45 minutes and went to bed in the room of Mondale's daughter Eleanor. Both candidates were up by 8 to work on the speeches they would give four hours later at the televised announcement in St. Paul.

Mondale declared: "Our founders said in the Constitution, 'We the people'—not just the rich, or men, or white, but all of us.



KLEINBERG—PICTURE GROUP

. . . and Ferraro's constituents watch announcement of her selection in a Queens barroom

It may be Archie Bunker's district, but the Congresswoman says it was Edith who elected her.

Our message is that America is for everyone who works hard and contributes to our blessed country. That's what my choice is about, and that's what Gerry's about." During pauses to let the cheers roll, Mondale could be heard over open mikes making some avuncular, old-pro remarks to Ferraro, standing beside him in a bright red dress and simple string of pearls. "What did I tell you about Minnesota?" he asked the New Yorker during a standing ovation. A bit later: "You'll have to get used to this. At the convention, you'll have to smile for 15 minutes."

But Ferraro needed no coaching. "Thank you, Vice President Mondale," she replied, then paused and observed, "Vice President—it has such a nice ring to it." The line drew appreciative laughter and more applause. When it died down, Ferraro proceeded, in the rapid, hard-edged accents of a native New Yorker, to appeal to several constituencies while introducing herself to her first national audience—all in five minutes.

For the ethnic urban voters who have been defecting to Reagan, there was a reminder that she will be the first Italian American, as well as the first woman, nominated by a major party for national office, all phrased in a context of patriotism ("My father came to America from a little town in Italy called Marcianise. Like millions of other immigrants, he loved our country passionately"). For social conservatives, a stress on traditional values ("I have a strong, loving family . . . our neighborhood and our faith are important parts of our lives"); for liberals, brief expressions of worry about what Reagan might do to Social Security and Medicare. For hawks and doves, a remark that her Queens constituents "support a strong, sensible defense" but "want nothing to do with reckless adventures in Latin America."

As if acknowledging the strangeness of her accent, Ferraro commented that those constituents "are not alone; you know people just like them." Finally, she voiced an appreciation of her unprecedented role as a woman on the ticket: "There's an electricity in the air, an excitement, a sense of new possibilities and of pride." Then came the standard campaign scene of the two candidates waving from the rostrum surrounded by members of their families, but this time with a striking twist: Ferraro's husband joined the crowd on the podium in the role of smiling, adoring spouse.

Despite that polished performance, Ferraro has drawbacks. Her lack of national experience, especially in foreign policy, offers a target to Republicans, who will contrast it with the impressive résumé of Vice President George Bush. Ferraro's supporters retort that the foreign policy credentials of such Republican choices as William Miller in 1964 and Spiro Agnew in 1968 were next to invisible.

In any case, the immediate reaction to the announcement of Ferraro's selection was quick, voluminous and largely favorable. Even before the candidates spoke in St. Paul, Mondale's aides were polling Democratic convention delegates and party contributors; after the announcement, calls streamed in from state and party leaders all over the country. The response startled Mondale's assistants. Said one: "The men who participated in this decision, including Mondale, had no idea how popular it would be."

Feminists were agog. Many, even political activists, interpreted the news in intensely personal terms. Said Ann Richards, state treasurer of Texas: "The first thing I thought of was not winning, in the political sense, but of my two daughters. To think of the numbers of young women who can now aspire to anything!" At a National Organization for Women press conference in Washington, Democratic Leader Sharon Pratt Dixon was so carried away that she started to pronounce the name of the head of the ticket as "Walter Ferra . . . " She corrected it to Walter Mondale amid a gale of laughter.

Politically, the prevailing opinion is that the choice will add verve and flair to the campaign. "The idea of that new ingredient, the mysterious factor of the female vote, makes Ferraro a high-risk, high-gain pick," asserted Democratic Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado. Republicans agree, in a kind of lefthanded way. Colorado Republican Chairman Howard ("Bo") Callaway, once a campaign manager for Gerald Ford, called the selection of Ferraro "the first excitement, the first non-mush I've seen in Mondale's political career."

Beyond that, only one prediction seems safe: Ferraro will be scrutinized, written about, pictured on TV, quizzed at news conferences, debated over living-room tables more than any vice-presidential candidate in decades—if not ever. Indeed, says California Pollster Mervin Field, "apart from a movie star, she will be covered more than any other woman."

The immediate result will be a burst of publicity for the Democratic ticket and attention that no other choice could buy. "Ferraro will give us the opportunity to get double coverage," exults John Sasso, an aide to Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis (the white male who probably would have received the V.P. nod had Mondale played it safe). But there is a risk: the slightest hesitancy or overaggressiveness in manner, any fumbled response to a question or verbal gaffe will be enormously magnified. Ferraro is a streetwise campaigner who has won three elections to Congress as a liberal Democrat from Archie Bunker's district in Queens. (She likes to say, "Archie didn't elect me. Edith did.") But she is untested in a national campaign.

At a joint appearance with the head of the ticket for a picnic and press conference Friday in Mondale's home town of Elmore, Minn. (pop. 882), Ferraro got a mixed reception from a curious crowd. As anti-abortion pickets stood on the fringes of the group, Ferraro stated courageously, if more than a bit redundantly, "The choice has to be the choice of the woman facing the choice." That drew applause. But she went on to assert that "the President walks around calling himself a good Christian, but I don't for one minute believe it because the policies are so terribly unfair." It was the kind of harsh, overpersonal and unfair remark that could land her in deep trouble.

The main hope of Democrats is that Ferraro will draw to the polls many women who do not ordinarily vote, convert to the Democratic cause some Republican women who doubt that their party takes them seriously and bring to Mondale's banner legions of zealous female campaign workers. Women already are a majority of the electorate; they cast 6 million more votes than men did in 1980. Reagan took 46% of their vote, to 45% for Jimmy Carter, but that was much smaller

than his plurality among men, and since then every poll has shown Reagan running considerably worse among females than males.

There are some early signs that the Democrats' strategy of broadening the gender gap into a chasm may be effective. In Virginia, after Ferraro's selection, women workers in day-care centers began asking every parent to register and vote. In Alabama, Mondale campaign headquarters logged within hours 65 calls from women volunteers. But how widespread will this phenomenon be, how long will it last and to what extent might it be offset by a backlash among men and more traditionalist women?

DIANA WALKER

Ferraro's daughters Laura and Donna visiting with Eleanor Mondale

A CBS News/New York *Times* poll of 747 voters taken immediately after the choice of Ferraro indicated less enthusiasm at the grass roots than among political activists. Majorities of both sexes—62% of men, 54% of women—gave the selection a blah, "all right" rating. But among men, only 13% were excited by the choice; 20% thought it a "bad idea." The margin among women was surprisingly small: 22% excited, 18% saying "bad idea." One possible clue to the results: 60% of all those polled thought Mondale had made his choice in response to pressure from women's groups, *vs.* only 22% who thought he picked Ferraro because she was the best available candidate.

Earlier polls generally had shown a woman vice-presidential candidate would attract about as many voters as she would repel. Politicians, and some pollsters, are not at all sure, though, that the surveys are correctly measuring the extent of potential backlash. They note that voters have been asked to respond to a theoretical situation that they have never actually had to face. One Republican pollster points out another factor that may distort the results: the majority of the people employed by polling organizations to question voters are women, and men may hesitate to express unfavorable opinions of a woman candidate to them. Indeed, Mondale's aides admit that their belief that a woman vice-presidential candidate will help the ticket is based on gut feelings rather than any statistical evidence.

Reagan's assistants are puzzled about how to handicap Ferraro's effect on the race. They concede she has some strengths. Some White House aides speculate that her selection might help the Democrats hold the votes of the Yuppies, who turned out heavily for Gary Hart but viewed Mondale as a man of the past. Ferraro also presents the Republicans with a delicate problem: how to campaign against her without looking sexist.

Besides questioning her qualifications, the Republicans plan to portray the selection of Ferraro as a cynically political move. They will also paint Ferraro as an ultraliberal. Ferraro sounds ready for combat. "Everyone keeps comparing me to Vice President Bush," she said in Elmore. "That's delightful. I think we should have a debate or two." A spokesman for Bush said he was willing, but the White House may veto the idea: the President's aides want to keep the focus on Reagan and Mondale.

The President indirectly sounded part of the Administration line on Ferraro at a White House luncheon Friday for female Republican elected officials. Said he: "The Conservative Party of Great Britain chose Margaret Thatcher as their leader not because she was a woman but because she was the best person for the job. There was no tokenism or cynical 'symbolism' in what they did." Reagan-Bush Campaign Director Edward Rollins sarcastically termed Ferraro "a superb choice. She is bright, articulate, and she stands for everything Mondale stands for—increasing taxes, cutting defense spending."

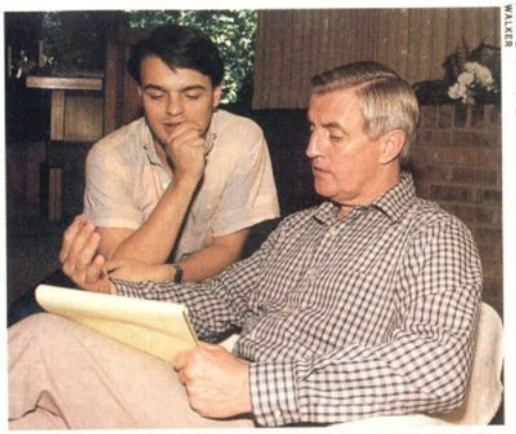
Reagan strategists are still looking at the election in the geographical terms Mondale's aides abandoned. In the White House view, Ferraro's choice cements Reagan's hold on the conservative South and West. The choice of a Southern or Western male might not have shaken that hold either, but, say the Reaganauts, it would have forced the Republicans to devote money and campaign time to securing the Sunbelt base. Those resources can now safely be devoted to the urban Northeast and industrial Midwest.

Mondale at week's end made a controversial move to shore up Democratic strength in the South. He named Georgia Democratic Chairman Bert Lance general chairman of his campaign and head of a search to find a replacement for Charles Manatt, who is being dismissed as Democratic National Chairman. Though no one doubts Lance's grasp of Southern politics, the choice dismayed some Democrats, who feared it would revive memories of the uproar over Lance's financial affairs that erupted when he served in the Carter Administration.

The battle for the blue-collar vote may be the most important struggle of the campaign, and it is difficult to gauge how Ferraro might affect it. She embodies the family background and religious and work-ethic values of such voters, but she is well to the left of many, who have turned conservative in economics and hawkish in foreign affairs. Ferraro overcame that drawback in Queens, but can she do so elsewhere?

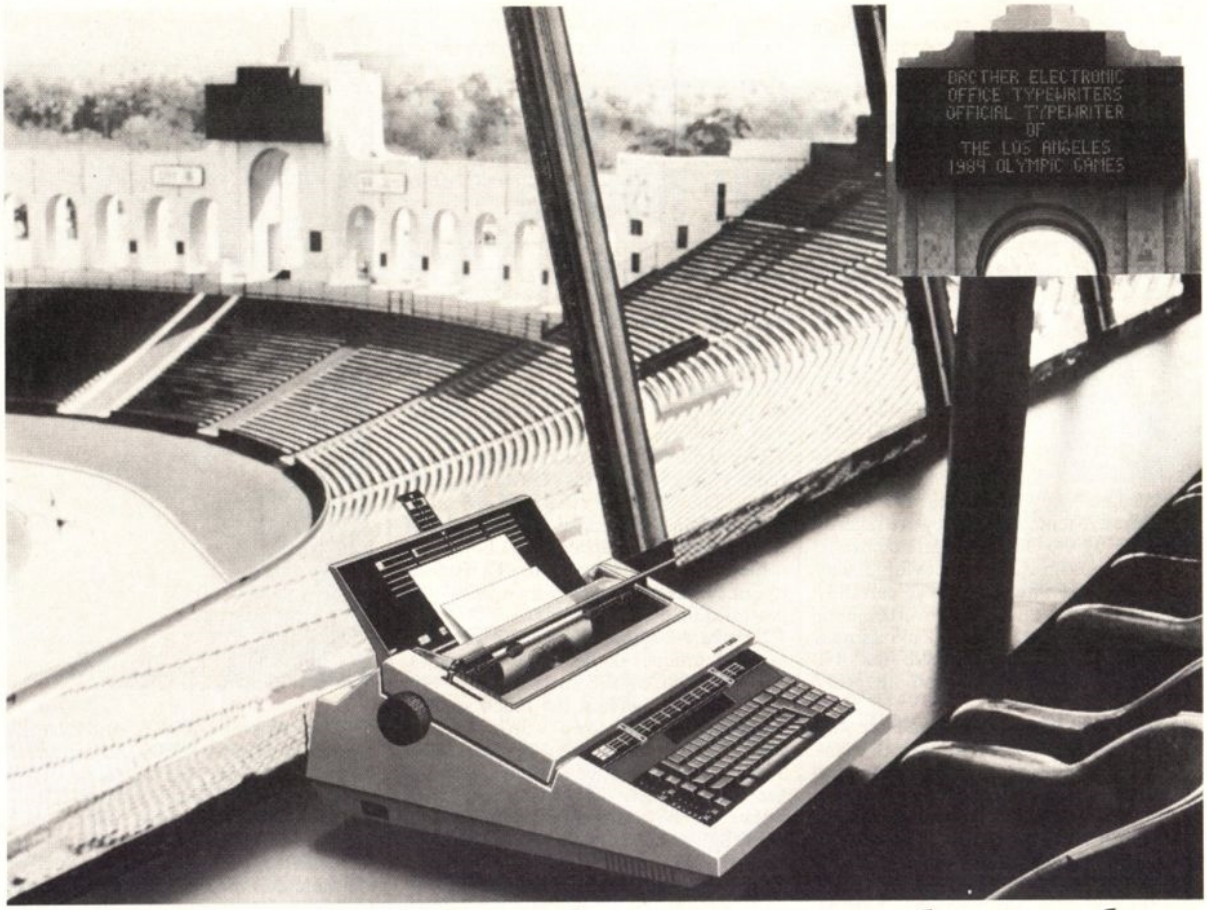
That is only one of the myriad questions that make the campaign suddenly so unpredictable. Might Ferraro draw enough women's votes, and possibly pique the interest of enough men, even in the South and West, to loosen Reagan's grip there? (Feminists were fond of observing last week that Sunbelt males also have daughters for whom they have high aspirations.) How will black and Hispanic voters judge her? How many voters of all kinds will pay much attention to the vice presidency, and how many, after the first blast of comment about a woman on the ticket, will focus primarily on the basic choice between Reagan and Mondale?

There is no experience that leads to a confident answer. Says Texas State Treasurer Richards, in perhaps the most judicious comment on the choice: "All the old saws are out the window. There is no way, even with our sophisticated polling procedures, that we can measure a factor that is unprecedented. We are only going to know on Election Day." ***—By George J. Church and Ed Magnuson. Reported by Robert Ajemian and Sam Allis with Mondale, Douglas Brew/Washington, with other bureaus***


WALKER

Son William ponders Mondale's acceptance-speech draft

Giving Reagan a run on traditional family values.



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"Just One of the Guys" And Quite a Bit More

A blend of feminist ideals and feminine ways

CONVENTION '84

The U.S. House of Representatives is a male domain. Deals are cut between pickup basketball games in the House gym, and legislative strategy is still crafted over cigars and bourbon in musty cloakrooms. Only 22 of the 435 House members are female, and they are regarded warily by the Capitol's male denizens. Women in Congress must not whine, they must not pout and they most certainly must never cry. They must overcome all the stereotypes that many Congressmen, like some other males, have not yet shed about the opposite and allegedly weaker sex.

Geraldine Ferraro has made her way in this male preserve by being both feminine and feminist. Her hair is frosted blond, she wears stockings and makeup, and she loves to shop. When she needs to, she can flirt. But she is also tough and resilient, a shrewd back-room operator. She is, says fellow New York Congressman Joseph Addabbo, the paunchy, balding chairman of the Defense Appropriations subcommittee, "just one of the guys."

Ferraro must now prove her ability to operate successfully in the even more daunting arena of national politics. She will have to convince men everywhere, and women as well, that she is equipped to do what only men have done before: run the nation. She will expose herself to relentless public scrutiny with little more than wit and common sense to shield her.

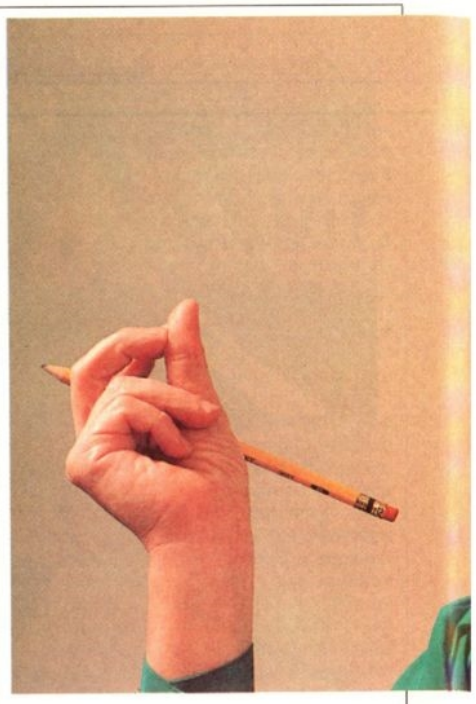
Fate and gender, not her résumé, put Ferraro on the ticket. Only two House members have been elected Vice President this century: John Sherman in 1908 and John Nance Garner in 1932. A third, Gerald Ford, was appointed to the office in 1973 after Spiro Agnew's resignation. Congressman William Miller went down with the Goldwater ticket in 1964. As Ferraro concedes, "Obviously, if I were not a woman I would not be discussed." Yet throughout her career, she has shown the ability to perform jobs that, on paper at least, she was not prepared for. As a Queens housewife with a night-school law degree, she became an effective prosecutor in the gritty criminal courts of Queens. A congressional neophyte, she became a quintessential Capitol Hill insider. She has pulled herself up with intelligence, immense drive, directness and engaging freshness—and by carefully playing according to the rules.

Ferraro is in many ways an old-fashioned pol. When she came to Congress in 1978, she did not take to the floor to make feminist speeches but instead worked the back halls, carefully cultivating her male elders by performing small chores and favors. She became a disciple of Speaker Tip O'Neill. "She has been a regular since the day she arrived," says O'Neill approvingly. The Speaker rewarded her with House plums, making her a member of the Democratic Steering and Policy Committee, secretary to the House Democratic Caucus and, in 1983, a member of the powerful Budget Committee.

Ferraro became effective by using the same techniques as her male colleagues. She wheedled, cajoled and bargained. She was assertive, but not too much so. She recognized, in her own words, that "a woman can't be too pushy, or she's called a shrew." Says Budget Committee Member Leon Panetta: "She is able to sense where the boys are going and go with them. She's not a Bella Abzug type." Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, finds Ferraro has "an inner serenity to her, an inner peace." Says he: "She isn't a threat. She is not a feminist with wounds."

Budget Committee Chairman James Jones recalls that Ferraro diligently attended every meeting of the panel when this year's budget resolution was being hammered out. "She listens before she talks," says Jones. "On whatever areas were special to her she spoke her mind. She won more than she lost." Then she used her ties to the New York delegation and Women's Caucus to help pass the package. "She is a team player in that she helps build coalitions to pass whatever budget we develop."

Ferraro does have a temper and is not afraid to be blunt. "But I've never seen her lose control," says Panetta. "She can roll with it. She gets mad, but she doesn't stalk out of the room." Ferraro's patience was tested repeatedly last month when she chaired the Democratic Platform Committee hearings. A parade of witnesses loudly demanded party backing for their pet causes. One who sparred with Ferraro was Democratic National Committeewoman Billie Carr of Houston. She notes that afterward, Ferraro came to her and said, "Let's have a drink and talk about it." Says Carr: "I've worked with a lot of men in politics, and many would consider you against them if you opposed them in any way. But she cared enough to talk about it, to be open-minded."

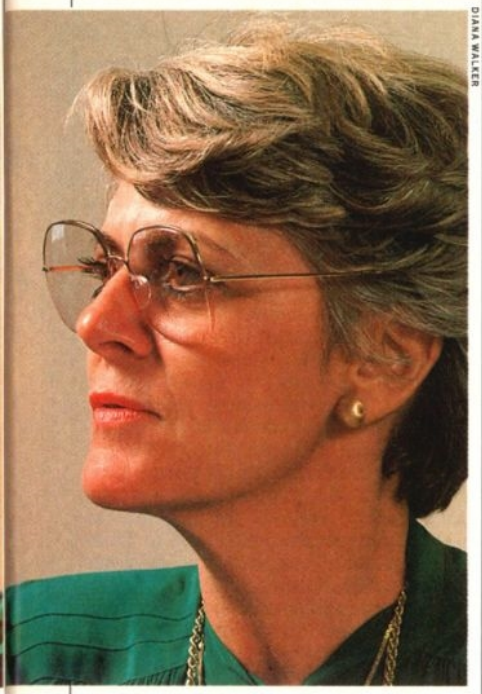


Ferraro is not without detractors, quite often Republicans. "She is very smart but very directed," says G.O.P. Congresswoman Bobbi Fiedler. "She is too partisan. She will not talk to anyone outside her party. Women in Congress tend to be goal- or issue-oriented, but Ferraro fits perfectly in the male-dominated club. God help anyone who gets in her way."

Ferraro unabashedly plays the pork-barrel, vote-swapping congressional game. As a member of the Public Works Committee, she managed to get water tunnels and roads built in her district. Queens has few cows, but she voted for dairy supports to help out farm-district Congressmen; she later received a $2,000 contribution from the political-action committee of a Missouri-based dairy cooperative. To win points in her conservative, mostly blue-collar district (the title credits of *All in the Family* were filmed there), she voted against mandatory busing to achieve desegregation and for tuition tax credits for parochial schools. On most other issues, she is squarely in the liberal Democratic mainstream *(see box)*.

Ferraro has little use for the "new ideas" of the neoliberals. "She's not a Gary Hart 'let-me-describe-the-future' Democrat," says Democratic Congressman James Shannon of Massachusetts. Many of the younger Democrats on the Budget Committee have come to realize that entitlement programs must be cut to reduce the deficit. Not Ferraro. "She is very tough on not touching them," says Panetta. In stormy Budget Committee meetings, she resists any attempt to cut cost of living adjustments for the elderly, Government workers, veterans.

In short, Ferraro is a New Deal Democrat with a good seasoning of traditional family values. Like Walter Mondale, she



DIANA WALKER

thrives on schmoozing, glad-handing, doing favors. Her zest for politicking suggests that she will be a sturdy campaigner this summer and fall. But she also shares some of Mondale's political liabilities. The television camera may treat her unkindly, as it does Mondale, though for a different reason. Mondale often comes across on the tube as wooden and buttoned up. Ferraro can be animated, but her edgy, fast-talking style is hot for the cool medium. Her Queens accent might set some teeth to grinding. Her tendency to shoot from the lip could produce gaffes in a national campaign.

When it comes to using TV, Ferraro is a curious throwback. Many new-style politicos in both parties disdain routine congressional chores, trying instead to make their reputations—and win votes—over the tube. Every day in the House, blow-dried young Congressmen rise to give mini-stump speeches that are carried on cable TV and often picked up at home by local news shows. "Ferraro is no photo-op type," says Christopher Matthews, an aide to O'Neill.

Speaking on the House floor, however, is not just a matter of showmanship. Serious and hard questions, from U.S. intervention abroad to civil rights at home, are aired and debated. Ferraro rarely participates. Indeed, some House members say that she has spent too much time advancing her career and not enough grappling with national issues. "The real question is going to be her depth," predicts a colleague. "Frankly, she is not one who can take to the floor and speak to any issue."

Her lack of experience is most glaring on foreign policy. Usually she follows the party leadership. In her first year, when she finally did enter a foreign policy debate—over Turkish intervention in Cyprus—it was chiefly to please a large Greek constituency back in Astoria, Queens. Caught up in the moment, she cried, "We've got to get those Turkeys out!" As her words rang through the House chamber, she dissolved in nervous giggles and had to ask the chair for an extension of time to compose herself and go on. With an eye to conservatives at home, she has consistently opposed large cuts in the military. When Carter favored a mobile MX missile, she voted for it; when Reagan backed a silo-based MX, she voted against it. In the past year, as her political ambition widened, she has tried to plug the gaps in her knowledge, visiting Central America and the Middle East. In a remark that revealed both her naiveté and directness, she once exclaimed: "I didn't know what the West Bank was until I got there. It's so teeny!"

Ferraro is suspect among some feminists, who find her insufficiently zealous about their cause. She badly shook feminist leaders when she told the press that the Equal Rights Amendment should not be specifically included in the Democratic platform. Characteristically, she recovered quickly. She left messages at the offices of feminist leaders: "Don't talk to any reporter until you talk to me." With some fast and earnest footwork, she was able to calm the sisterhood. Politically, Ferraro probably benefits from putting some distance between her and organized feminists. But actually, her feminism is quite strong. Indeed, it is her deepest conviction. Her flashes of political independence, even courage, are usually in the cause of women's rights.

A Roman Catholic from a heavily Catholic district, Ferraro, like most of her constituents, opposes abortion. But she considers it a matter of individual choice, and she has been brave about defending the right to choose. Her most stirring House speech came over an amendment to loosen restrictions on federal funds for abortion. Ferraro supported the amendment particularly because it would help pay for abortions for poor women who had been raped. "I ask you to be personal about this vote," she told a hushed chamber, "because no crime is as personal as rape. I ask you if your wife or sister or daughter were raped and became pregnant, would you not give her the right to make her own decision?"

For all her one-of-the-boys demeanor, Ferraro does not forgive sexists. In 1981, House Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski vetoed Ferraro for a seat on his powerful committee. "Rosty is not exactly what you'd call an enlightened male," explains a committee member. Ferraro was furious. A few weeks later, when Rostenkowski came by her seat to ask for her vote on a minor tax matter, Ferraro looked at him coldly and slowly shook her head.

Ferraro does not let anyone push her around. Three years ago, when a taxi driver at Washington National Airport

BENTLEY—PHOTOREPORTERS

Conferring with her mentor, House Speaker Tip O'Neill

KLEINBERG—PICTURE GROUP

Presiding over a meeting on the Democratic platform in New York

tried to double her up with another passenger and then insisted that he did not know the way to Capitol Hill, Ferraro marched down to the D.C. hack bureau and had the cabby's license pulled. When Eastern Air Lines denied her a credit card, even though she was a member of the Aviation Subcommittee on Public Works, she announced this fact in a speech to the embarrassment of an Eastern Air Lines lobbyist who was sitting in the audience. (She got her card forthwith.)

BENTLEY—PHOTOREPORTERS

Ferraro rides the Capitol subway to her congressional office

On the surface, Ferraro's rise is, as Mondale said, a "classic" American success story. She was named after a brother, Gerard, who died at age three in a car crash as he slept on his mother's lap. Her father doted on her, showering her with dolls and affection. "I was given everything because my father felt I had brought Gerard back to life," she says.

The idyl ended with her father's death, of a heart attack, when Geraldine was eight. For a year she was so devastated that she was anemic and unable to attend school. Her father had been a restaurateur and owner of a dime store in Newburgh, N.Y., but when he died, her mother was forced to move to a small apartment in The Bronx and go to work crocheting beads on dresses. She scrimped to send Ferraro to an expensive Roman Catholic girls' school, Marymount, in Tarrytown, N.Y., and then Marymount Manhattan College. Ferraro recalls that her mother went without meat for months so her daughter, like her rich classmates, could have a graduation dress from Lord & Taylor.

Ferraro wanted to be a doctor but became a teacher instead "because women did not become doctors in the '50s." Bored with teaching second grade, she began attending Fordham Law School at night. A fellow student complained to her, "You know, you're taking a man's place." "Yeah, I know," she replied, with not a little pleasure. When she graduated and married John Zaccaro *(see box)*, she told him she was keeping her maiden name—to "honor my mother." For years she gave her mother a slice of her legal fees.

Women were not welcome in Wall Street law firms in 1960, so she became a housewife, occasionally helping her husband at his real estate office. When her

In the Party's Mainstream

Her Queens district is Democratic in registration but conservative in attitude. Yet Geraldine Ferraro's voting record is pretty consistently liberal. Her stands on major issues:

The Military. She supported a House resolution calling for a mutual, verifiable freeze on the production and deployment of nuclear weapons. She opposed funding for the MX missile, the new B-1B bomber, production of nerve gas and President Reagan's Star Wars concept of space-based defenses. On the other hand, she has spoken of the need for a strong defense and backed funding of the Trident nuclear submarine, the Pershing II nuclear missile and draft registration.

The Budget. She voted against Reagan's three-year 25% cut in individual income tax rates. Yet she also opposed a bipartisan package of tax increases in 1982, partly because it initially included the withholding of taxes on savings-account interest and stock dividends. She voted against many of Reagan's spending cuts in social programs. This year she supported a black caucus budget proposal calling for a $203 billion slash in military spending over three years coupled with a $99 billion hike in social spending. Although she explained that she considered the military cuts excessive, she supported the package because of her interest in restoring funds for programs helping the poor, the elderly and children.

Foreign Affairs. She is a strong supporter of Israel's role in the Middle East, opposing the transfer of AWACS planes and Stinger antiaircraft weapons to Saudi Arabia. She was against the deployment of U.S. Marines in Lebanon. She sharply opposes the CIA-guided operations of *contra* forces against the government of Nicaragua. She voted against the Administration's request for $62 million in emergency military aid to El Salvador and supported strong requirements that any military aid to that government be tied to improvements in human rights conditions. She urges greater efforts by the Administration to resume arms-control talks with the Soviet Union.

Social Issues. She parted company with Democratic leaders and opposed the use of mandatory busing to provide a better racial balance in public schools. She also supported Reagan's proposal to provide tax credits for parents who send their children to private, including parochial, schools. Although she voted for the Social Security reform package of 1983, she expressed reservations about a six-month delay in cost of living increases and she opposed any increase in the age at which retirees can begin collecting benefits.

Women's Rights. Even though she is a Roman Catholic, she supports free choice for women on abortion, and has voted for federal funds to provide abortions in cases of rape, incest and endangerment of the mother's life. "I have been blessed with the gift of faith," she explains. "But others have not. I have no right to impose my beliefs on them." She championed the Equal Rights Amendment, and considers herself a feminist. She sponsored legislation that would help women in private pension plans by lowering the age at which a woman becomes vested; an amendment permitting wives to set aside the same amount in IRA accounts as their husbands; and a measure to give better pension rights to women who become widows or divorcees at younger ages than now provided for by law. She worked for a bill to cut off federal funding of child-protection programs in states failing to require adequate medical care for severely handicapped children.

Labor. As does Mondale, she supports the protectionist "domestic content" bill requiring that all autos sold in the U.S. be produced with a certain amount of American-made parts and U.S. labor. She voted for the federal subsidies that helped ailing Chrysler Corp. avoid bankruptcy.

Local Issues. She has helped New York City get federal funds to provide security at the United Nations, as well as more federal help for mass transit. She urged that federal airport funds be spent to alleviate street-traffic problems near airports, with La Guardia's impact on her Queens neighborhood in mind.

12 years ago, there wasn't a patch of grass for them to play on.

Saudi Arabia's
1984 Olympic Soccer Team.

Over 100 countries have a national soccer team. But only 16 of them have made it to the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Saudi Arabia is one of those 16.

MODERN SOCCER STADIUM, JEDDAH

Today, Saudi Arabia is one of nations in the world.

The success of our soccer team and the growth of our country go hand in hand.

12 years ago, we didn't have seven major universities. Today, our sons and daughters are gaining among the best educations available worldwide (we're opening a new primary or secondary school every two weeks year-round).

12 years have made a big difference in Saudi Arabia. We now provide the most modern urban and rural medical and dental clinics, specialist hospitals and preventive public health campaigns undertaken anywhere.

From our dozens of new airports and far ribbons of freshly paved highways... to our important new self-sufficiency in wheat production... and world-scale industrialization, Saudi Arabia, like our Olympic athletes, is striving for perfection.

H.M. KING FAHD

A measure of our growth for Americans: Saudi purchases from the U.S. have skyrocketed from well under a billion dollars a year barely over a dozen years ago... to $9 billion a year now. We are among America's best customers—in every state of the U.S.

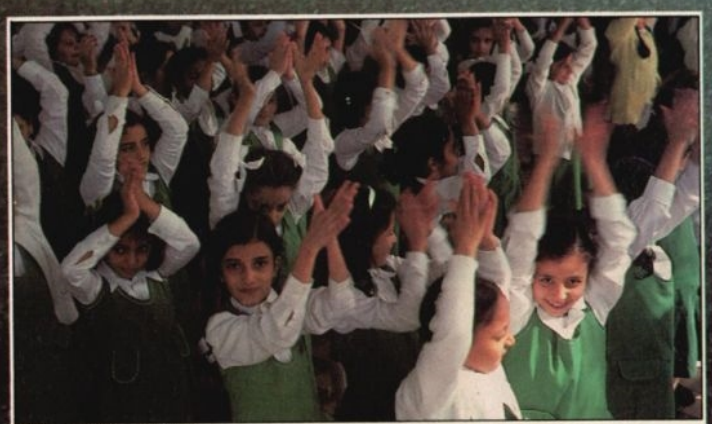
What we did have 12 years ago and what is at the core of everything Saudi Arabia stands for today are the two mighty traditions that affect each and every one of us.

Our religion. And our family ties.

Islam is the vital force that guides and sustains all Muslims in every aspect of their daily lives.

Another vital force, the family, is extremely close and mutually reinforcing.

Led by His Majesty King Fahd, Saudi Arabia is a country on the move. And like our Olympic athletes of whom we're so proud, our goal is to be the very best that we can be.

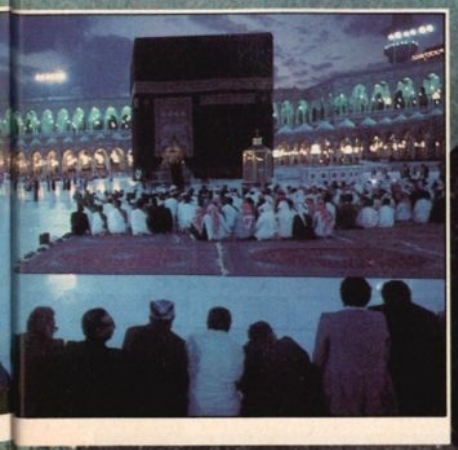


SCHOOL GIRLS IN JEDDAH

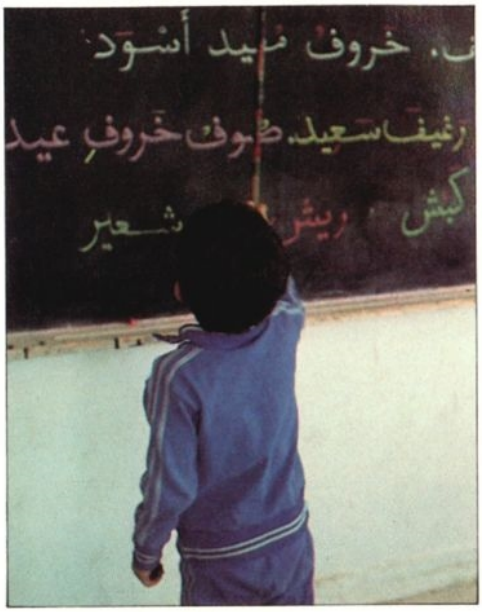
EYE HOSPITAL, RIYADH

HOLY KA'ABA IN MAKKAH

the most rapidly developing



Saudi Arabia. Our people are our most important natural resource.



He comes from a country that will pay for his education all the way through college.

A country with free medical care for all its citizens.

A country with no income tax and virtually no crime rate.

He is taught to believe in world peace.

He is our future.

He is our hope.

He is our most important natural resource.

Royal Embassy of Saudi Arabia, Wash., D.C.

three children were older, Queens District Attorney Nicholas Ferraro, her cousin, hired her as a prosecutor.

She handled cases of child abuse, rape and domestic violence. At night she would lie awake, unable to forget the brutalities that occupied her during the day. The work turned her from a "small-c conservative to a liberal." It made her more sympathetic to the underclass she prosecuted. It also drained her emotionally.

Like many local lawyers trying to build a practice, Ferraro had done some Democratic club work on the side, getting to know her working-class neighborhood and the local pols. When Queens Congressman James Delaney decided to retire in 1978, Ferraro ran for his seat. She thought she had earned the backing of local party leaders, but they spurned a woman. Sweltering in summer heat, she stood on street curbs begging passers-by to sign her petition to get on the ballot.

Ferraro ran hard that fall, and has never slowed down. She won by 10% in 1978, 17% in '80 and 53% in '82. She settled into a wearing routine: half the week on Capitol Hill, the other half in her district. She seemed to relish the unglamorous venues of politics, the smoky Knights of Columbus halls, where she fended off questions about abortion, the street corners where the elderly gather to gossip and worry about their Social Security and Medicare checks.

Her family endured with good humor and pride. They did not feel neglected. Though her district is mostly blue collar, Ferraro lives in an upper-middle-class enclave in Forest Hills. Her husband's successful real estate business helps pay for a winter retreat in St. Croix and a summer house on Fire Island. For the children (Laura, 18, about to enter Brown; John Jr., 20, a student at Middlebury College, and Donna, 22, a financial analyst on Wall Street) there were expensive educations. A full-time housekeeper does the cooking and cleaning. When a photographer asked Ferraro to pose in her kitchen, her daughter Laura joked, "Are you sure you could find it, Mom?" Ferraro declined the photo opportunity.

Ferraro is delighted that her children have advantages she never had. She boasts about my "beautiful banker daughter" Donna. She still makes time to go shopping for clothes with her daughters, as on a recent Saturday morning. She fretted about getting mobbed in the dressing room, having to answer questions "in my Bermudas and bra," but swallowed her dignity and went anyway. Only one person—a neighbor—recognized her. "It was weird," she said, sounding slightly disappointed.

Such anonymity is over. Cameras and reporters will trail her everywhere, questioning and judging. She will be tested constantly on her ability to perform. Inevitably, political image polishers will urge her to sound more statesmanlike, to control her brashness, to sand down her New York edges. She will become a little more homogenized, a little less original. More "vice-presidential." She may even start sounding like Walter Mondale.

Too much polishing would be unfortunate. Her appeal is in her genuineness and humanity. In the House, Congressmen forgive her occasional shrillness because she is being herself and not someone else. In winning at a man's game, she has managed to retain a naturalness and warmth. If she is to add to the ticket—and enlarge politics itself—it will be not because she was able to transform herself into another Walter Mondale but because she was able to be at once a national politician and a woman. ***—By Evan Thomas.***

Reported by John F. Stacks with Ferraro and Neil MacNeil/San Francisco

Offstage Husband

"She gets upset when people call me Mr. Ferraro," says Gerry's husband John Zaccaro, 51, "but I get a kick out of it." That reaction is in character. After 24 years of marriage, the Brooklyn-born Zaccaro has adapted to a self-effacing role as the proud and supportive husband of a very modern woman.

An ex-Marine with a boyish face and the beginning of a paunch, Zaccaro quit Fordham Law School before gaining a degree to enter his father's successful real estate business, Paul Zaccaro Co., Inc. Acting on behalf of a wealthy client, the company tried to purchase the Empire State Building in New York City during the 1950s. That bid failed, and the firm has since concentrated on lucrative commercial properties in Lower Manhattan, including Greenwich Village. "I still have to work for a living," says Zaccaro. "My life has been the real estate business. I've always loved it. The thrill is to get two people to agree on a deal. And then the culmination is to take a check to the bank." Away from work, he relaxes on a motorboat docked on Long Island Sound; he also has season tickets for New York Rangers hockey games.

In typical husbandly fashion, Zaccaro recalls that he was angry at first when his wife decided in 1974 to go to work for Cousin Nick as a Queens County assistant district attorney. Not so typically, though, he adds: "I've changed a lot. You've got to be fair. She did everything I asked before, and there are certain things in life you have to accept." Besides, says he, "it all worked out for the better."

When Ferraro is away from their two-story, Tudor-style home in Queens, she telephones her husband several times each day. He accompanies the Congresswoman at public functions in her congressional district. His rationale: "People would wonder if she were there alone." Accustomed by now to most political rituals, he has occasionally been outraged by politically inspired innuendos about his wife. Just before Ferraro's selection was announced last week, he said, "I just hope it doesn't get nasty."

When Ferraro first took up her post in Washington, it was Zaccaro who attempted to commute from New York City so the couple could spend evenings together in her studio apartment. But he soon decided to stay at home, because, as he recalls, "she only had a little studio and the sound of the refrigerator kept me awake all night." He insisted that she do the commuting, and she agreed, returning home each Thursday evening during congressional sessions. "My parents are so in love with each other it is sickening," says Daughter Donna. When they first heard serious speculation that their mother might become the vice-presidential candidate, the children began calling their father "the First Man."

If his wife actually became Vice President, Zaccaro says, he would remain in Queens and concentrate on his business, rather than move to Washington. Says he: "She does her thing and I do mine. If she wins, we'll work out something just as we have for the last six years. Same old stuff."

Zaccaro with his wife, Laura, Donna and John Jr.

Ripples Throughout Society

How putting Ferraro on the ticket opens big new possibilities

CONVENTION '84

Why did a campaign announcement, a tactical move, send shivers up and down the spines of so many American women, so many American men? Why, on Thursday, July 12, 1984, did a jolt run through American society, one that caused men and women to stop one another on streets and in offices across the country to discuss the news, one that generated bursts of good feeling—and nervous glances? Because a political taboo of two centuries' standing had finally been abandoned: a woman, at last, is an election away from being a heartbeat away from the most powerful job on earth. Because social structures and cultural norms had been forever amended: the notion of a woman's place, still deeply ingrained despite the long struggle of feminism, would never again be so limited, so confining. Because history had indeed been made.

Feminism has scored no more spectacular triumph since women won the right to vote. Even with universal suffrage, American women had enjoyed, until last Thursday, nothing more than the right to elect a man to the White House. With one swift stroke, however, the Democrats have made it possible for women to enter the final phase of their enfranchisement. Win or lose in November, Geraldine Ferraro is now emblematic of the truest, purest facet of the American dream: that every citizen is entitled to an equal chance. In this version of the dream, the idea is that every child can grow up to be President. Her immigrant father, Ferraro recalled last week as she stood alongside Walter Mondale in St. Paul, made her believe that "in America, anything is possible if you work for it . . . American history is about doors being opened, doors of opportunity for everyone, no matter who you are, as long as you're willing to earn it." Standing in the glare of television lights, excited and exciting, the woman from Queens made the platitudes seem powerful and true.

In large, stable democracies like the U.S., political landmarks are seldom so crisply delineated, so easy to pick out from a cluttered backdrop. Even the most circumspect observers around the U.S., ordinarily careful to qualify their generalizations, saw the news, whether it heartened or disturbed them, as profoundly significant, even revolutionary. The choice, said G. Mennen Williams, chief justice of the Michigan Supreme Court and the state's former Governor, "is at the cutting edge of history. Sexual equality is overdue by a generation. Changes like this have given courage to the fainthearted to do what they wanted to do anyway and has convinced those not favorably disposed that failure to progress will no longer be tolerated."

Ferraro came close to the mark when she spoke of "a sense of new possibilities and pride." A generation ago, for a fifth-grade girl to dream of becoming President was barely thinkable, but last week that was certified as one of the post-Ferraro "new possibilities." As Dr. Carol Nadelson, the incoming president of the American Psychiatric Association, pointed out, male children will learn the new rules too. "A fifth-grade boy," she says, "also has a view of a woman as being in a kind of role. This change expands his view of women."

The high-pitched hopefulness coursed through every social realm, not just that of national politics. "Any time a woman reaches a revered status, it is easier for the secretary in an office to have a better sense of her self-worth," said Faye Wattleton, president of Planned Parenthood. "That secretary may not want to be President of the U.S., but she may want to be president of her company."

Is the choice of Ferraro merely symbolic? Is she only a token? Symbolism is one of the important currencies of politics; symbols, when they are well wrought, express and so help realize a society's best intentions. As for tokenism, said Democratic National Committee Political Director Ann Lewis last week, "your token is my pioneer." Gender barriers in national politics had to be breached, and some woman had to be the first. Jackie Robinson had been carefully chosen by the white men who ran baseball when he arrived in Brooklyn 37 seasons ago as the first black major league player, and he became not a token but a pioneer.

What makes Ferraro's selection so resonant is that it is not an isolated political maneuver. It is, rather, another major step in—although not yet the culmination of—a historic movement. It derives its heft and momentum not from the petty particulars of the campaign but from the past decade and a half of feminist determination, from the years of difficult personal pathfinding undertaken by millions of American women. In 1970, only 699 women graduated from medical schools and 801 from law schools; just over a decade later, there were 3,833 graduating from medical schools and 11,768 from law schools. The proportion of women in state legislatures tripled between 1971 and 1983, and the number of cities (of populations over 30,000) with female mayors went from seven to 76. Of the eight women who have held Cabinet offices, six were appointed during the past ten years. "This was the appropriate next step," says Hunter College President Donna Shalala, "not something out of the blue." Sexism will no doubt linger like a chronic pain for years and decades. Ferraro's nomination does not mark the end of discrimination against women in corridors of power. But it may be the beginning of the end.

The impact will probably be clearest, and perhaps most immediate, in the narrow confines of politics. "One woman isn't going to change the character of Government," says Historian Barbara Tuchman, "but this is important because it will stimulate a massive influx of women into all levels of Government—the bureaucracy, the courts, Congress and the Cabinet." Female politicians seem to sense most acutely, even ecstatically, that a new era has begun. "Just to have a woman in a key position is very meaningful to all of us," says Sacramento Mayor Anne Rudin. "The power potential is very heady." Joan Specter, a Philadelphia businesswoman, gets politics day and night: she is a member of the city council, and she is married to U.S. Senator Arlen Specter. Like her husband, she is Republican but finds the Democrats' choice "very significant, because it will give women a role model. Now young women will say, 'Yes, there is a chance for me.' Lots of women will see themselves as Gerry Ferraro. Lots of women will be encouraged."

Illustrations for TIME by David Suter

Women have had the right to run for office for most of this century, of course, but for decades they were effectively shunted off into a kind of political ladies' auxiliary. "We've certainly proved we can take on the overworked, underpaid jobs in local government," says Ann Evans, the $3,000-a-year mayor of Davis, Calif., "but this raises the ante. It is a symbolic acceptance of women in leadership positions." Declares Eleanor Smeal, former NOW president: "Never again will women embark on a major campaign without being taken seriously. No longer will women be the sideshow. The women's movement has at last entered the main ring of professional politics—not least in our own eyes."

Moreover, women with political ambitions may not have to worry so much about seeming presumptuous; the uppitiness factor should fade. Maureen O'Connor has served on the San Diego city council and as deputy mayor, chairwoman of the local transit board and vice chairwoman of a California state housing finance agency. She ran for mayor of San Diego last year and lost. "Despite the fact that I was twice as qualified as my opponent," she says, "there were reservations voiced about the capacity of a woman to manage a city of this size effectively. Well, with a woman as a candidate for Vice President that makes this kind of question obsolete, doesn't it?"

The analogy most often drawn is John Kennedy's election in 1960 as the first Roman Catholic President. "The nomination of a woman," says University of North Carolina Political Scientist Schley Lyons, "will have the same kind of impact. Being a Catholic is no longer a factor. If a woman gets elected, it will make it a lot easier for future female politicians to succeed." The first Catholic nominated for President, however, was Al Smith, in 1928, who lost to Herbert Hoover; it was 32 years before another Catholic was nominated and won the White House.

Just as Candidate Kennedy made the stereotypical slurs on Irish Catholics untenable in 1960, Candidate Ferraro in 1984 seems well equipped to disprove the caricature of woman as flighty, emotional and weak. The electorate has yet to be exposed to many female campaigners—none at the topmost level—and people are able to cling to prejudice more easily in the abstract. With a real live female candidate stumping the country and getting incessant public attention between now and November, one who is unafraid of seeming both feminine and strong, a lot of half-baked, half-conscious bias should slough away. "Kennedy proved that Catholics had finally arrived in American society, that they could win any office, run any corporation, achieve any social position," says Stuart Eizenstat, a presidential adviser in the Carter Administration. "This shows that women are now full-fledged and equal members of society, that women can enter at every level of American life. The role of women will never be the same again."

In strictly political terms, Kennedy's election also reinforced the loyalty of immigrant Catholic voters to the Democrats. Can Ferraro's nomination exploit the gender gap in the Democrats' favor, attracting a large majority of women voters to the party's coalition for years to come? Economic and ideological divisions among women are considerable, and women are scarcely likely to vote as a bloc. Still, some analysts believe that a historic shift could be hastened by Ferraro's candidacy. "The Democratic Party by this step has clearly embarked on redefining the party," says Pollster Steve Teichner. "This is a critical development in the realignment of political parties as we have known them in the U.S."

For women, wielding power is often difficult for what amounts almost to aesthetic reasons. Men, even if they are martinets, are rarely called bossy, and there is no epithet for men that is quite the equivalent of "bitchy." "Power is a tough issue for women," says Columbia Associate Professor Ethel Klein, author of *Gender Politics*. "Taking power is aggressive. It's not 'nice.' " Thus, for virtually all women, suggests Klein, Ferraro's nomination "is a watershed." Such a ripple effect, buoying women who are outside the narrow channel of politics, may finally be more significant than the electoral result. "Any time competent and able women are recognized and become visible," says Psychologist Matina Horner, president of Radcliffe College, "a sense of expectation and prowess is engendered among younger women that they too can aspire to new heights."

Congresswoman Mary Rose Oakar of Ohio tapped into that feeling last Thursday, when she addressed a seminar of working women at a Cleveland junior college. "The excitement and the enthusiasm that we all had for each other in that room was electrifying," she says. "Here we were trying to talk about how women can attain policymaking goals, whether in office or small business or a hospital, and after Mondale's announcement, we knew we could do anything."

For some women, the sense of personal pride brought on by Ferraro's nomination seems almost metaphysical. "It somehow changes the context of my relationship to the outside world and the way I feel about myself," explains Anne Just, who leads Vermont's delegation in San Francisco this week. "It is as though the molecules had been rearranged." Said Koryne Horbal, a founder of the Democratic Party Women's Caucus: "When I walked down the street today, I felt different, I felt validated."

It is possible, of course, that something closer to hysteria than history is unfolding. The U.S., after all, is far behind other countries that have actually elected women to their highest government offices. There are or have been female Prime Ministers of Britain, India, Israel and Sri Lanka; although they may have served as useful role models, the fact of their gender did not do much to end war or poverty in their countries or to introduce new levels of compassion to their governments. "Once the hoopla is over," says Pennsylvania's Joan Specter, "it will be back to business as usual."

There is considerable risk that if Mondale-Ferraro lose the November election, some blame will be ascribed to Ferraro's gender. Risks are inherent in emotionally charged politics; expectations can be raised far too quickly and frustrated. For some blacks, the swing in national focus away from race is a political distraction. Ferraro's nomination, says South Carolina NAACP Co-Chair Adelle Adams, "may be a breakthrough for white women, but not for black women or black men." Then too it has been noted that a woman has merely won a shot at the *vice* presidency, second place, a ceremonial job.

These days, it has become fashionable among many cynics to disparage the idea of progress as romantic and naive, a comforting illusion. The recent history of women argues otherwise, and the improvement can practically be graphed. In 1937, only a third of Americans said they would be willing to consider voting for a female candidate for President, according to a Gallup poll. By 1969, just over half said they would consider it. Last year the figure had risen to 80%. And this week the Democrats are nominating a woman for Vice President. In the struggle for equal opportunities, this is what is meant by progress. —***By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Barbara B. Dolan/Detroit and Elizabeth Taylor/New York***

Braving Scorn And Threats

Women have come a long way —and have a long way to go

CONVENTION '84

A feminist once wrote that when a woman hears a slighting remark about her role in life, she sometimes also hears a remarkable sound: *click*. That is the moment of recognition, the sound of things falling into place. Just like that: *click*. Geraldine Ferraro probably heard the sound when a New York law firm's senior partner, who had been interviewing her for a job, finally said, "You're wonderful, but we're not hiring any women this year." *Click*. Or perhaps when her employer explained why other department heads were getting higher pay: "But, Gerry, you have a husband." *Click*.

The principal founder of the movement that ultimately brought Ferraro to the Democratic ticket must have experienced a similar moment one day back in 1840. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 24, newly married to an abolitionist orator named Henry Brewster Stanton, had accompanied him to London, where he was to be a delegate to the World Anti-Slavery Convention. There she learned that this meeting to combat slavery was barred to all women. *Click*.

While in London, she met a young Quaker woman from Philadelphia, Lucretia Mott, who had also been barred from the slavery convention. The two of them talked of staging a meeting of their own some day to protest discrimination against women. Eight years passed; then Stanton, living in Seneca Falls, N.Y., heard that Mott was visiting near by. The two got together and decided to organize their meeting. As an agenda, Stanton boldly updated the Declaration of Independence as drafted by Thomas Jefferson. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," said the Stanton version, "that all men and women are created equal . . ."

As Jefferson had done, Stanton and her fellow rebels set forth their grievances against the tyrannies of the authorities. A respectable married woman of that day could not, in general, own property, testify in court against her husband, sign a contract or keep her earnings. The tyrant responsible for her plight, according to the Declaration of Seneca Falls, was Man, who "has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life."

Such complaints were not unprecedented, but Stanton added a demand that was radical indeed. Over the protests of Mott and several other delegates, she introduced a resolution (which just narrowly passed) declaring that it was women's duty "to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise."

Foot soldiers for change: New York suffragists picketing against Woodrow Wilson in 1919

No matter how strongly some women felt about voting, though, the overwhelming issue of that era was the abolition of slavery, and Stanton's associates eagerly joined the battle. They made speeches, raised money, collected signatures—often braving scorn and even physical threats—because they believed that abolition implied equal rights for all, black and white, men and women. But when the Civil War was fought and won, they were appalled to learn that the newly drafted 14th Amendment guaranteed full citizenship to blacks but only to "male inhabitants."

The women vehemently protested this betrayal to their former allies, but in vain. Votes for women were not "a practical thing," said Theodore Tilton. Said another former abolitionist: "It is the Negro's hour." Susan B. Anthony angrily retorted, "I would sooner cut off my right hand than ask for the ballot for the black man and not for woman." She and Stanton founded the National Woman Suffrage Association.

While the suffragist meetings and protests continued, the first woman who personally challenged the political hierarchy was the electrifying Victoria Claflin Woodhull of Homer, Ohio. Beautiful, energetic and not entirely scrupulous, Victoria and her younger sister Tennessee practiced many of the popular quackeries of the day: séances, psychic remedies, a bottled "elixir of life." Inspired, she said, by a vision of Demosthenes, Woodhull and her sister went to New York and arranged to introduce themselves to the newly widowed Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, 84. With her "magnetic treatment" Tennessee soothed the railroad tycoon so successfully that he backed the young sisters in opening a lucrative stock brokerage. In 1870, at 31, Victoria announced she was running for President. To argue her cause, she started her own newspaper, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, which favored, among other things, free love, tax reform and world government.

As an orator, Woodhull bowed to no man. "We mean treason; we mean secession . . ." she declared. "We are plotting revolution; we will [overthrow] this bogus Republic and plant a government of righteousness in its stead." When someone dared to ask whether she practiced her preachings of free love, she defiantly answered, "Yes! I have an inalienable, constitutional and natural right to love whom I may." Some suffragists were embarrassed by Woodhull's flamboyance, but Stanton said, "If Victoria Woodhull must be crucified, let men drive the spikes."

Woodhull, who eventually married a rich English banker, provided a meteoric symbol of change, but it was the regiments of suffragist foot soldiers who steadily kept applying the pressure, state by state. Their key opportunity came with the entry of various Western territories into the union. The new constitution of Wyoming (1890) was the first to include women's suffrage; then came Colorado (1893), Utah and Idaho (1896).

Hoping to shorten the process, California Senator Aaron Sargent had introduced in 1878 an amendment to the Constitution: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged . . . on account of sex." After nine years of stalling, the Senate voted the measure down. Early in 1918, apparently because so many women had done so much war work, the amendment finally was passed by the House. In the galleries, a tearful crowd of suffragists started singing "Praise God from whom all blessings

CAROL BERGNY

The first National Women's Conference convenes in Houston in 1977: women had long been voting, but not as a bloc and often like their husbands

flow." The next year, the Senate added its grudging consent, 66 to 30. This time there was no singing by the women. "To their weary senses," said Suffragist Leader Carrie Chapman Catt, "the only meaning of the vote just taken was that the Senate had at last surrendered . . . given in to the people it represented."

The 19th Amendment seemed to promise much. It had long been urged not only as a matter of women's rights but as a purification of the political system. Its supporters claimed that women, because of their supposedly higher nature, would vote for measures humane and virtuous, and that they would do so en masse. "The civilization of the world is saved," gushed Democratic Presidential Nominee James Cox in 1920. "The mothers of America will stay the hand of war."

Many politicians were naturally terrified at the prospect of runaway reform. To win the new voters' support, Congress hastened to appropriate $1.25 million for health education for mothers and children. Michigan and Montana passed equal-pay laws. By 1921, some 20 states had granted women the right to serve on juries. But it took only a few years for professional politicians to make three key discoveries: 1) many women did not vote, 2) women did not vote as a bloc, and 3) they often voted exactly like their husbands. The bosses could sigh with relief; the status quo was safe.

That was all too clear in the selection of the first woman to serve in the Senate. She was Rebecca Felton, 87, a veteran suffragist from Georgia. When a Georgia Senator died in 1922, a new man was elected to replace him, but the Governor decided to make a gesture by appointing Felton to the vacant seat until the new Senator could be sworn in. So the Senate suspended its rules for exactly one hour.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal brought new political opportunities for women, partly because innovation suited the spirit of the 1930s, partly because Eleanor Roosevelt was a highly active First Lady, partly because Mary Dewson of the Democrats' women's division organized upwards of 60,000 female precinct workers to get out the female vote. Roosevelt appointed the first woman to the Cabinet (Labor Secretary Frances Perkins), the first female federal appeals court judge, the first female minister to a foreign country. Still, even in 1940, 16 states still said a wife could not sign a contract, and eleven said she could not keep her own earnings. World War II solidified women's gains, for millions went to work at jobs they had never had before. In aircraft plants, for example, the number soared from 4,000 to 310,000 between 1941 and 1943. There was even a uniformed Women's Army Corps, and for the first time, women served in the military in significant numbers.

These changes were none too solid, though. When the soldiers returned home, they wanted their jobs back, and all the pressures of a male-run society combined to create the age of domesticity and "togetherness," and a baby boom in suburbia. The few women who kept claiming a political role came to be regarded as harmless or eccentric. The formidable Margaret Chase Smith, who served 23 years in the Senate, most of them as the lone woman there, was occasionally mentioned as a possible Republican vice-presidential candidate. But it was typical of the times that when somebody asked her what she would do if she suddenly woke up and found herself in the White House, she answered, "I'd go straight to Mrs. Truman and apologize. Then I'd go home." When Smith made history in 1964 by being the first woman to have her name placed in nomination as a major-party candidate for the presidency, she was dismissed with exactly 27 convention votes.

Vice-presidential bids were more common. As early as 1924, the Democratic Convention considered, and rejected, South Carolina Committeewoman Lena Springs. The last strong bid was by Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold of Texas, who won 404 Democratic delegate votes in 1972 but was beaten by Thomas Eagleton. The small parties that occupy the fringes of American politics have been more willing to support women. In 1980 there were seven nominations for the No. 2 spot, including LaDonna Harris as vice- presidential choice of the Citizens Party and Angela Davis as that of the Communists. Such gestures, however, remained little more than that.

Even after two decades of renewed political activism among women, equality remains a goal rather than a reality. In 1982 only 55 women ran for the 435 House seats, and only 21 won. Only three women ran for the Senate, and all three lost. In 1974 Ella Grasso of Connecticut became the first woman to win a governorship without having followed her husband into the statehouse. Today Kentucky's Martha Layne Collins is the only female Governor out of 50.

Why do more than 50% of Americans still hold less than 5% of the elected political positions? The easy answer is that attitudes are slow to change. As recently as May 1983, a Gallup poll indicated that 16% of both men and women would oppose a qualified woman from their party for President. Hardly less important, though, is that men have clung to the machinery of politics. Various political-action committees donated $35 million to the last congressional elections, and $31 million of that went to incumbents. Of the little available to challengers, women got 7%. *Click.*

—By Otto Friedrich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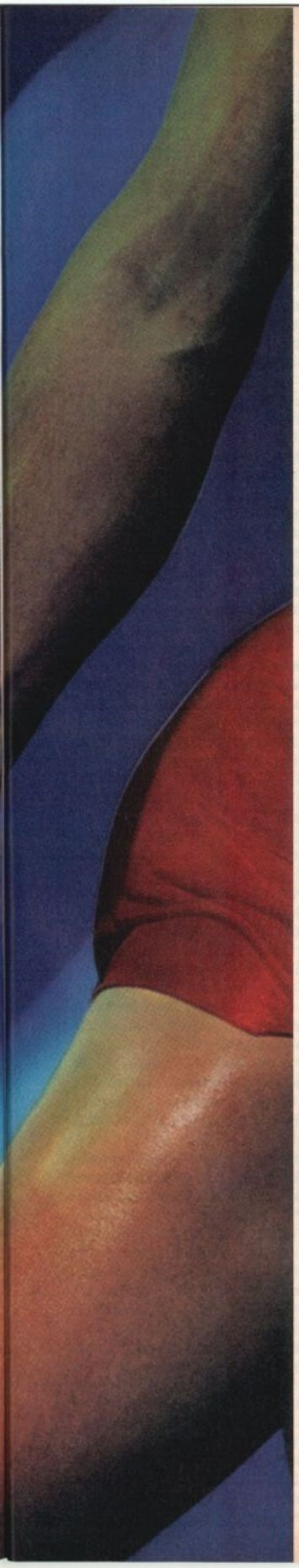

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An Interview with Ferraro

On the joys and challenges of her unprecedented candidacy

CONVENTION 84

Between strategy meetings with Walter Mondale and work sessions with aides who are drafting her acceptance speech, Geraldine Ferraro took time last Saturday afternoon to meet with TIME *Correspondent John F. Stacks. Savoring the sun on the deck of a rented Lake Tahoe resort home, Ferraro was relaxed and jocular and occasionally complained about the inevitable "sexist" questions. Her husband John Zaccaro and her daughters Laura and Donna sat near by and sometimes interjected thoughts of their own. Excerpts from the interview:*

Q. Did you despair over press reports that you had flunked your interview with Mondale and were not going to be his choice?

A. No. I spoke to Fritz Mondale on Sunday morning [July 8], and I was certain that he had not put out that story about our interview. I was also certain that I was still seriously being considered. He told me so. And he's a very honest man.

Q. What was your reaction to the call from Mondale with word of your selection?

A. I was honored and excited and a little bit emotional about the historical meaning of the whole thing. It was not only that it was Gerry Ferraro, but also that it was a woman. And, God, delight!

Q. Even before your selection, Mondale was seen as an underdog in the general election campaign. Polls show mixed reactions to the idea of a woman on the ticket. Do you feel an added burden as a woman?

A. I don't feel like I'm carrying the burden for anything other than doing my job as a candidate for Vice President well—and then doing my job as Vice President well. That's the only responsibility I feel. Walter Mondale is a very strong candidate. I don't have to carry his candidacy. He'll carry it for himself. He's right on the issues, and Ronald Reagan's record is there for Reagan to defend.

Q. There is always the danger in a campaign of gaffes and serious errors. Do you worry about making mistakes and setting back other women in politics?

A. Those are always thoughts that go through your mind. But I'm not concerned about that. We're going to win.

Q. Is it going to be a difficult transition from being an independent member of Congress to being in the No. 2 position on the ticket?

A. I suspect that one of the reasons I was selected is because I deal honestly with the problems that face this nation and because I care. I don't think you're going to see a change in that. I think what you're going to see is that perhaps the free-spirited approach will be done more privately when it comes to discussing issues. I recognize what the job of Vice President is, and I intend to work with Walter Mondale very closely in order to fulfill his commitment to his policies. I don't fudge on issues, and I'm not going to fudge on issues now. How do I deal with being second? What does that mean? Does it mean I have to be No. 1? I like being second in a universe this size. It's as good as being No. 1! Actually, I don't think I'm going to be second: I'm going to be the first Vice President to enjoy being a woman.

MAASS—PHOTOREPORTERS

"This is a first, and it's bound to create concerns; but we are going to put those concerns to rest quickly . . . Could I lead the country? Yeah."

Q. One thing you're up against, surely, is the old-fashioned notion that a woman's role is to help the man. Will the stereotype of woman as helpmate complicate your candidacy?

A. Why should it? Walter Mondale sees the vice presidency as he experienced the office himself. He redefined the vice presidency. He had his office in the White House. He was an adviser on every issue that came up. I'm not going to be sitting around knitting—if that's what anybody thinks. The job will not be redefined again because I'm a female. I ain't going to be any helpmate.

Q. Some polls show resistance to your candidacy among Southern white men. How do you intend to deal with that problem?

A. I intend to go down South and spend a lot of time talking to some of the traditional men. I've been down to Birmingham, to Houston, to Oklahoma and North Carolina. After we talked to the Southern chairs [regional party leaders] this week, the only argument among them was where I should go first—not whether I should come. People have been really receptive. In my district I was told I was going to have trouble with Italian men. Now they're my biggest supporters.

Q. Even though women have led other nations, the prospect of a woman President still makes some people—women as well as men—anxious. Why are there concerns?

A. There are, of course, concerns, but that is often because it's not been done before. We had anxieties about Catholics until John F. Kennedy was elected President. There were anxieties about whether a divorced male could deal with the presidency, and Ronald Reagan has dispelled that. We always have anxieties until we do it the first time, and then we usually recognize that those anxieties are baseless. This is a first, and it's bound to create concerns; but we are going to put those concerns to rest quickly.

Q. If your candidacy is successful, there will be the immediate possibility of your being called upon to lead the nation. Are you ready?

A. I think it is an almost awesome responsibility, but it is one I'm capable of handling, or I would have never allowed my name to be considered for this spot. I think I am a person who has good moral background, integrity, intelligence and the capability to make judgments based on facts. I think I am capable of analyzing situations without moving in any sort of precipitous way. Could I lead the country? Yeah. The job of Vice President prepares someone for the job of President. My role as Vice President will help prepare me.

Q. You have two daughters. Does that give this breakthrough special personal significance for you—and for them?

A. Every door I open means that they're not going to be discriminated against, and it's going to be a little bit easier for them.

Q. Beyond the meaning for you personally, does your selection have the potential of producing broader social and cultural change in this country?

A. I hope it does change the way the country works, and I think there are a lot of women out there who hope so as well. It's not only Gerry Ferraro being Vice President and how I deal with the job—it's really opening so much more to young women in this country, as well as to older women and working women. If a woman can be Vice President of the U.S., what job is there that a woman cannot do? I think that's important. The other piece of it is that it creates a whole new role model. There are a lot of women out there saying, when they see me, "I can do it too."

"Politics of Exclusion"

Jackson flails for recognition to the bitter end

CONVENTION 84

By becoming the first black to mount a major presidential campaign, Jesse Jackson ensured that the 1984 political season would establish one historic precedent long before Geraldine Ferraro added a second. But instead of savoring his electoral accomplishments, which went far beyond what most political observers thought possible a year ago, Jackson approached this week's Democratic Convention in a defiant, almost reckless mood. The preacher-politician issued a torrent of threats, recriminations and inflammatory accusations that was little short of bewildering, even for someone who thrives on confrontation. Then he proceeded to back down, at least partly, from many of them. Right to the end, Jackson left many Democrats with very little answer to the question they have been asking themselves for more than a year: What does Jesse want?

In fact, many of Jackson's outbursts were the flailings of a wounded man who was not getting the thing he wanted most of all: a seat at the table of power. As one of three finalists in the long Democratic primary season, Jackson had expected to be consulted by Walter Mondale on such matters as the selection of a running mate and post-convention campaign strategy. Instead, Mondale met with Jackson only once, in a tense session that the former Vice President stressed was "not a negotiation." Mondale has ignored Jackson's demands to include minority planks in the Democratic platform that would call for huge defense cuts and the abolition of runoff primary elections, which Jackson charges discriminate against Southern blacks. Last week, before announcing Ferraro as his choice for the No. 2 spot, Mondale specifically read Jackson out of the running "because we have too many differences that I think are basic."

Jackson's frenetic mood swings were captured, almost stop-action fashion, in a series of speeches and interviews, followed by clarifying re-interviews. By far the most explosive ran in the Los Angeles *Times*. In it, Jackson rekindled his smoldering feud with the Jewish community by accusing its leaders of trying "to make me a pariah and isolate our support."

One of the reasons Mondale never considered him for the vice-presidential spot, Jackson charged, was because of "threats" from "a significant number" of Jewish leaders, who were operating under the "very arrogant and contemptuous assumption" that Mondale could appease black opinion by seeming to consider more moderate blacks like Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and Philadelphia Mayor W. Wilson Goode. Taunted Jackson: "You know, any black face will do, and get the same response from the masses." He even managed to wave a red flag at the Jewish community while speaking on an entirely unrelated subject. Discussing news coverage, Jackson criticized the white press for "Aryan arrogance," using a word associated with Hitler.

Part of Jackson's quarrel with the Jewish community involves a sensitive political question. Along with some other black leaders, he genuinely believes that Jews command an influence within the party disproportionate to their recent vote-delivering capacity, whereas blacks are the "most loyal" Democrats. Jackson aides point out that while more than 80% of black presidential votes in 1980 were cast for the Democratic candidate, more than half of Jewish ballots went against him. Says the Rev. Joseph Lowery, head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, of the Jewish protest over Jackson: "It sounds like they are looking for an excuse to defect to the Republicans."

UPI

The candidate jousting with newsmen

"I'll play a trumpet with a clear sound."

Yet Jackson's remarks were careless, to say the least. Jewish voters remain deeply suspicious of the Baptist preacher because of his support of Palestinian causes, and they have not forgotten his tardy repudiation of incendiary Black Muslim Leader Louis Farrakhan, a onetime Jackson surrogate, who characterized Judaism as "a dirty religion" only a month ago. Henry Siegman, executive director of the American Jewish Congress, demanded that Democratic leaders "finally repudiate" Jackson and warned that their continued association with him "can only lead to disaster."

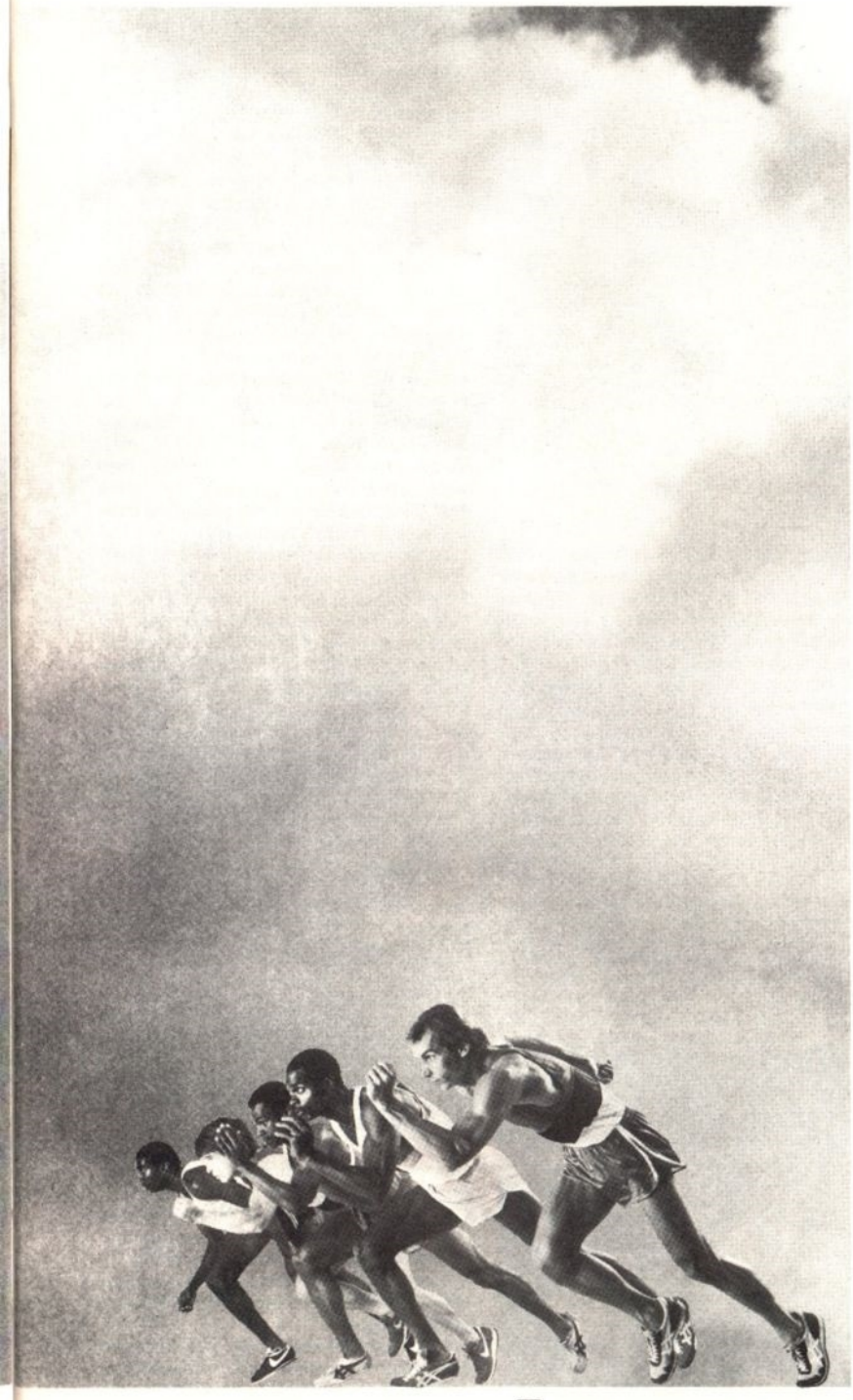
Mondale did not choose to go quite that far, but Jackson's indiscreet accusations finally provided him with an opportunity to put some meaningful distance between the two of them. Mondale called Jackson's remarks "unacceptable" and said they pointed up the "deep differences" that separated the two on many issues. Jackson protested that he was merely calling for a halt to "the politics of exclusion."

In the same interview Jackson had bitter words about the campaign to put a female on the Democratic ticket waged by "white women," a belittling reference to the predominantly white membership of the National Organization for Women (NOW). Until very recently, Jackson claimed, it was not they but he who championed the cause of a him-and-her ticket, and they snatched it without giving him due credit. Complained Jackson: "They went from a woman Vice President as a non-issue—while I pushed it in every primary—to making it a litmus test this summer, and I wasn't even invited to address them."

The precise degree of Jackson's "enthusiasm" for the Democratic ticket became the subject of yet another controversy last week. Though he is pledged to support the party's presidential nominee, Jackson is determined to leave some room for bargaining on behalf of his supporters by warning that his endorsement might be less than ringing, depending on "our roles, our responsibilities and our proximity" in the campaign. "I'll play a trumpet with a clear sound to signal where we are relative to presidential politics," Jackson told the Washington *Post*. He added that the Democrats needed his "voluntary, enthusiastic support" to ensure a large black turnout, but that he was not "obligated to work for the candidate as if I had a staff position."

These warnings sounded like a threat to sabotage the ticket by encouraging Jackson supporters to stay home on Election Day. But the next day Jackson was taking the opposite tack, blandly insisting that "I am not suggesting a boycott of the election." In fact, he added later, he simply meant that he would keep his followers informed of his progress in winning platform concessions. Said Jackson: "If I'm negotiating for you, watch my signal."

That zigzag was quickly rationalized by the publication of a New York *Times*/CBS News poll indicating Jackson's clout with black voters, even those who cast their ballots for him in primary elections, is considerably weaker than many observers had supposed. While Jackson attracted roughly three out of every four black ballots cast in primaries, only 31% would vote for him in the presidential election, *vs.* 53% who favor Mondale. Even if Jackson should withhold an endorsement of Mondale, the poll indicated, a mere 4% of Jackson's black supporters would cast their vote against the Democratic nominee or boycott the election altogether. ***—By William R. Doerner. Reported by Jack E. White with Jackson***



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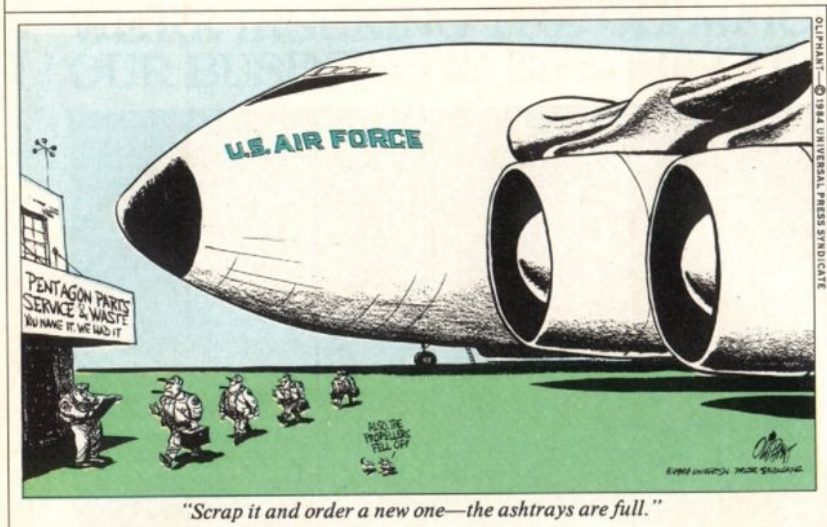

"Scrap it and order a new one—the ashtrays are full."

Pentagon Markdown

Psst—anybody wanna buy a destroyer?

When it comes to buying, the Pentagon can be an easy mark, as demonstrated by the payment of $435 for an ordinary claw hammer that Navy auditors discovered last year. But it was revealed last week that the fleecing of Defense is not limited to the buy side: the opportunity to make dubious deals also extends to the sale of military "surplus."

Since 1974, Air Force computers have automatically put many spare parts, ranging from bolts to airplane doors, on a disposal list if no request for the item has been received for twelve months. After checking just "a few" warehouses earlier this year, Air Force inspectors discovered that about $1.5 million worth of spare parts scheduled for disposal as surplus were still needed items that the Air Force was purchasing new at full price.

Thomas Cooper, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, reported these findings to members of a House Armed Services subcommittee, which scheduled hearings on the disposal of military surplus for later this month. Meanwhile, congressional investigators vied with Pentagon inspectors to see who could uncover the most tooth-gnashing tales of wasteful disposal. Among them:

▸ The Navy sold eleven *Gearing*-class destroyers to foreign countries (Taiwan, Greece, Mexico, South Korea, Turkey and Pakistan) in 1981 and '82 for a total of $5.2 million. But, says the General Accounting Office, the ships should have been valued at $36.4 million. They were mistakenly sold at "scrap value," says the GAO, instead of for the "fair value" price.

▸ While touring an Army depot in Corpus Christi, Texas, investigators found 63 cartons from the Kingsville Naval Air Station labeled 200 LBS. OF ELECTRONIC SCRAP. Inside the cartons were 300 brand-new electronic circuit boards still in the manufacturer's packaging. As scrap each circuit assembly would bring a few dollars, but investigators found that the Navy is buying them new for $125.

▸ More than 60 periscopes used on several weapons were sold as surplus to a California firm for $6.31 apiece; the Pentagon purchased them new for $64. The periscopes were coded "F," meaning they were repairable, but actually they were new. They had never been unpacked from the manufacturer's boxes.

Last year the Pentagon sold $1.6 billion worth of surplus for $89 million, which comes to less than 6¢ on the dollar. One senior Defense official estimates that as much as 20% of the military's discarded material consists of items that the Pentagon currently purchases at full price. While investigators sought a clearer picture of the total waste in the disposal system, Lawrence Korb, Assistant Secretary of Defense, last week announced that he had sent an order to military inventory managers: stop sending material to the Defense Property Disposal Service. ■

Toxic Image

Reagan's environmental woes

Yes, the photo opportunities were substantive: President Reagan aboard a skipjack on Chesapeake Bay; a windblown Reagan atop an observation tower at Maryland's Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge; Reagan touring Mammoth Cave National Park, posing amid the stalactites in the world's most extensive cave system. Reagan was again embarked on one of his "theme" weeks, this one designed, somewhat awkwardly, to create an image as a champion of environmental concerns. Yet even a top aide admitted that the conservationist crusade "was a little thin," and environmentalists howled that it was also loose with the truth.

On Theodore Roosevelt Island in the Potomac, Reagan signed the 14th annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality, paying tribute to an agency that his Administration had tried to cut from the budget. In a speech before some 20,000 members of the National Campers and Hikers Association, Reagan pledged to "take all necessary steps to protect the American people against the menace of hazardous wastes." All the while, he was dogged by questions about his recent appointment of Anne Burford to the National Advisory Committee on Oceans and Atmosphere; Burford was forced to resign as head of the Environmental Protection Agency last year amid allegations of conflict of interest and mismanagement of its toxic-waste fund. The EPA payroll had been reduced by 4,300 employees because of Reagan's budget cuts, and work has been completed on only 120 of the nation's 7,000 hazardous waste sites since he took office. Said Adrienne Weissman of the Sierra Club: "He must think we've been living in a cave, while he has waged a 3½-year war on the environment." For the first time in its 14-year history, the League of Conservation Voters, a political-action committee with representatives from major environmental groups, will spend money on a presidential campaign; it has lined up $200,000 worth of radio commercials to defeat Reagan.


UPI

Reagan and tour guide in Mammoth Cave

An unconvincing week as conservationist.

William Ruckelshaus, who replaced Burford at EPA, concedes it will be hard to defuse the issue. "Reagan's environmental image is hurt by the style and the approach of both my predecessor and [former Interior Secretary James] Watt," Ruckelshaus told TIME. "What happened here in the first couple of years of the Reagan Administration is not easy to defend." ■

L'Etoile, 1879/81. Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

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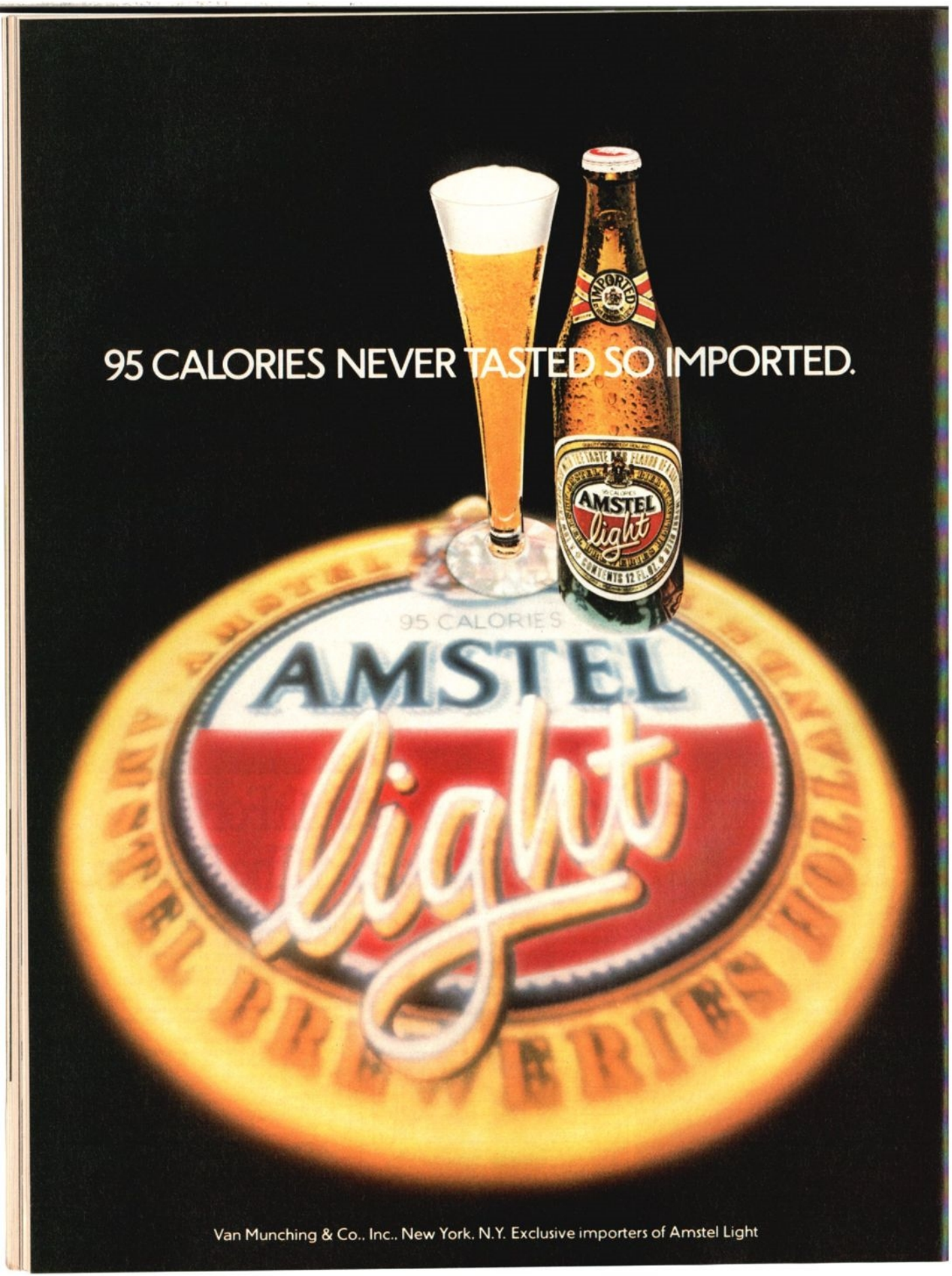
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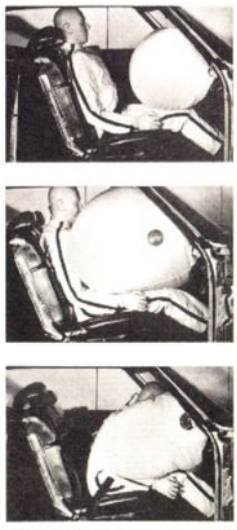
Middle Lane

Bags, belts—and a loophole

It has been 15 years since the Government first recommended that air bags be required in all passenger cars. Since then, wrangling among politicians, consumer advocates and the auto industry has delayed the controversial measure, which safety experts estimate could reduce highway deaths by up to 40% (the 1983 U.S. toll: 43,028). Last week Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole finally came up with a resolution, of sorts. She proposed that mandatory passive restraints—air bags that inflate and then rapidly deflate upon collision or seat belts that automatically wrap around riders when they close their doors—be phased in beginning 1986. But she added a major loophole: the regulation would be rescinded should enough states enact laws requiring the use of manual seat belts.

Under Dole's plan, front-seat automatic belts or air bags must be installed in 10% of 1987-model American cars, and in all new U.S. cars by 1990. Most experts expect the auto companies to opt for the $40 automatic seat belt over the more costly air bag ($320 by Dole's reckoning; $800 according to Detroit). She also announced that the Government would launch a $40 million annual campaign, half of it funded by the auto industry, to promote mandatory seat-belt legislation. If states containing two-thirds of the population pass such laws before April 1989, the Government will revoke its order.

The only state that has passed mandatory seat-belt legislation is New York. Governor Mario Cuomo signed the bill into law last week. Seat-belt laws have failed in ten other state legislatures, most recently in the Illinois senate, where lawmakers last month were deluged with letters from constituents opposed to the bill. Legislative Aide Frank Williams said that the general tone of the mail was "You don't tell me what to do in my own automobile." Only an estimated 13% of U.S. auto passengers use their seat belts. In Ontario, Canada, which for eight years has had a law making the failure to use seat belts punishable by a $53 fine, 39% of drivers still refuse to buckle up.*



Air bag in action

The most vigorous opponents of the Dole plan are safety activists and insurance companies who have lobbied persistently for mandatory air bags rather than the intrusive, easily detachable automatic seat belts favored by the auto industry. "It's a bloody snare and a mischievous delusion," said Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader. "I didn't believe [the Government] could be so Machiavellian in giving the auto companies a chance to do in the air bag once and for all." The State Farm Insurance Co. and the National Association of Independent Insurers have filed a suit claiming that Dole's order is illegal in allowing state legislatures the power to rule out passive-restraint installations by approving seat-belt laws.

*Among the 30 countries that have strict seat-belt laws: Great Britain, Sweden, Japan and Israel.

Secretary Dole announces her plan

"The most prudent way to go."

Despite the huge loophole in the Dole order, the plan was also criticized by many in the auto industry who cringe at the idea of installing expensive safety devices. "I regret the necessity of this kind of ruling," said Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca. "The best safety device, the lap and shoulder belt, is in 100 million cars right now." American Motors Chairman Paul Tippett is concerned about the 1987 model-year deadline for passive restraints. Said he: "The worst thing is to deliver air bags or seat belts that are not right."

President Reagan has consistently opposed mandatory passive restraints. In 1981, Drew Lewis, Dole's predecessor as Transportation Secretary, killed a Carter Administration order requiring them in all new cars by 1984. The Supreme Court, however, overturned that ruling and directed the Transportation Department to review the issue yet again. Although Dole says that Reagan approved her plan "as the most prudent way to go," the White House has tried to distance the President from the actual decision. "The court had us boxed in," said a White House aide. "What we did was as little as we could get away with." Advocates of auto safety could not have said it better. ■

Unfriendly Skies

Wrestling with delays

On his way to Los Angeles last week, Anthony Skirlick, 36, was one of hundreds of angry passengers delayed for two hours on the runway at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, awaiting takeoff clearance from air-traffic controllers. Most travelers do not know precisely who is to blame for such holdups. But Skirlick, who is an air-traffic controller at the busy Palmdale, Calif., traffic center, lays the responsibility squarely on the doorstep of his employer, the Federal Aviation Administration. Says he: "They are simply trying to do more work with fewer people, and the technology is not keeping up."

According to the FAA, delays increased by 75% during the first six months of 1984. In June alone, 40,852 flights were at least 15 minutes late, an increase of 106% over June 1983. Accounting for 60% of the delays are a handful of airports in the New York metropolitan area, Chicago, Denver, Atlanta and St. Louis. Eastern Air Lines Chairman Frank Borman reckons that this year the slow-ups have cost his line more than $30 million. The air-traffic-control system, he says, "is clearly overtaxed at this time."

In a three-day closed-door meeting held at FAA headquarters in Washington last week, a 40-member panel of Government experts and airline officials groped for a plan that would ease congestion at peak periods. Observes TWA Vice President Jerry Cosley: "Our scheduling is realistic in economic terms, but unrealistic in terms of the available infrastructure." Airline executives warned that carriers will not voluntarily risk losing passengers by scheduling more flights at unpopular times. Still, in response to FAA requests, the panel recommended that the airlines seek to spread out their peak-hour schedules. Also proposed were changes in airborne routings that could permit more traffic, and an increase in the number of controllers.

Skirlick and other controllers met in Washington last week to organize the American Air Traffic Controllers Council, a replacement for the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization, whose 11,400 striking members were fired in 1981. As with PATCO, overwork and understaffing are among the new group's chief complaints. Today there are 13,300 controllers; in 1981 there were 16,375. More significant, only 9,841 currently have "full performance" ratings, compared with 13,133 before the PATCO strike. About two years are required for neophyte controllers to be fully certified, so many council organizers favor rehiring some of the fired controllers. That would embarrass the Reagan Administration, which made much of its toughness when it fired the controllers. But if air traffic continues to increase, the nation's pool of qualified controllers may be the resource most readily available for ending the delays without compromising air safety. ■

Smoking in public: Let's separate fact from friction.

There has always been some friction between smokers and non-smokers. But lately this friction has grown more heated.

The controversy has been fueled by questionable reports which claim that "second-hand smoke" is a cause of serious diseases among non-smokers.

But, in fact, there is little evidence—and certainly nothing which proves scientifically—that cigarette smoke causes disease in non-smokers.

Skeptics might call this the wishful thinking of a tobacco company. But consider the scientific judgment of some of the leading authorities in the field—including outspoken critics of smoking.

For example, in 1983 the organizer of an international conference on environmental tobacco smoke (ETS) summarized the evidence on lung cancer as follows: "An overall evaluation based upon available scientific data leads to the conclusion that an increased risk for non-smokers from ETS exposure has not been established."

Even the chief statistician of the American Cancer Society, Lawrence Garfinkel, has gone on record as saying, "passive smoking may be a political matter, but it is not a main issue in terms of health policy."

Which brings us back to our original point: cigarette smoke can be very annoying to non-smokers.

But how shall we as a society deal with this problem?

Confrontation? Segregation? Legislation?

No. We think annoyance is neither a governmental problem nor a medical problem. It's a people problem.

Smokers and non-smokers have to talk to one another. Not yell, preach, threaten, badger or bully. Talk.

Smokers can help by being more considerate and responsible. Non-smokers can help by being more tolerant. And both groups can help by showing more respect for each other's rights and feelings.

But eliminating rumor and rhetoric will help most of all.

Because when you stick to the facts, it's a lot easier to deal with the friction.

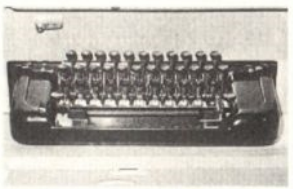
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

American Notes

FOREIGN POLICY

Better Lines of Communication

Through all the thaws and chills of Soviet-American relations, one channel has remained open for 21 years: the Moscow-Washington hot line. This week, after nearly a year of sporadic negotiating, the two countries are expected to sign a pact to modernize the outmoded equipment. Most recently upgraded in 1976, the teleprinters are able to send material at the sluggish rate of 66 words a minute. The new system will permit almost instant transmission of texts, maps and photos. While hardly a diplomatic breakthrough, the accord represents the only substantively new superpower agreement since Reagan took office; with the more critical talks on nuclear arms in limbo, the White House hopes the hot-line agreement may send a message, however modest, to U.S. voters that Reagan is able to deal with the Soviets.



The original hot-line keyboard

The Administration last week also began its first formal negotiations with Cuba since taking office. On the agenda at a New York City meeting: resumption of talks, stalled early in 1981, concerning the return of some 1,000 criminals and mentally ill individuals who were among the 125,000 refugees who arrived in a 1980 boat lift from the Cuban port of Mariel. Havana wants to discuss U.S. acceptance of up to 15,000 Cubans who have Fidel Castro's permission to emigrate.

THE MILITARY

Auditing an Invasion

The U.S. invasion of Grenada last October was successful, but expensive—in addition to the cost in lives. According to figures compiled by the Defense Department, the three-day mission cost $134.4 million. The Army spent $74.9 million to support 5,000 soldiers, including $22 million for 18 lost or damaged helicopters. The Navy's bill, which included transporting the Marine amphibious unit and diverting the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Independence* from the eastern Mediterranean to Grenada, was $46.8 million. The Air Force spent $12.7 million, mostly conveying troops to the island.

The total, which does not cover soldiers' salaries, works out to $224,000 for each of the 600 U.S. students evacuated from Grenada, or $1 million for every square mile of territory. The real value of the operation, which rooted out a murderous crowd that had gunned its way to power, cannot be easily calculated—even if its price tag can.

Glory in Grenada: $1 million a square mile

OLYMPICS

Mysterious Hate Mail

The letters are so venomous that they seem too extreme for even the Ku Klux Klan. "African Monkeys!" says one. "In Los Angeles our own Olympic flames are waiting to incinerate you." The shocking notes arrived at the Olympic Committee offices of at least five countries—Zimbabwe, China, Malaysia, South Korea and Sri Lanka. Although the letters, one postmarked in Maryland, are on paper with a Ku Klux Klan logo, the State Department suspects that Moscow was their real source. Said Secretary of State George Shultz, who was in Asia last week: "It makes you wonder if it is a disinformation campaign."

The letters' stilted syntax and the use of words like "curs" seem caricatures of American polemics. The letterheads include hyphens between "Ku" and "Klux," a style rarely used by the myriad of self-proclaimed K.K.K. groups in the U.S., which also tend to refer to their organizations by fuller names. State Department experts were analyzing copies of the letters for further evidence that they were a shoddy attempt to reinforce Soviet claims that Los Angeles presents a security risk to foreign athletes. Said Samuel Royer, Maryland Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: "In no way was the Klan involved."

DIPLOMACY

An Envoy's Other Interests

California Developer William Wilson, a member of President Reagan's kitchen cabinet, had served as Reagan's unpaid envoy to the Vatican since 1981. So he was an obvious choice for ambassador when the U.S. established diplomatic relations with the Holy See last March. His meddling in complex investigations, however, has been somewhat less than diplomatic.

The ambassador is a personal friend of Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, the Vatican banker who was being investigated by Italian authorities in 1982 for his role in the $1.3 billion collapse of Italy's Banco Ambrosiano. Wilson wrote a letter to his friend, Attorney General William French Smith, asking whether Marcinkus was under U.S. investigation as well. Wilson was told by the Justice Department that his actions were inappropriate. Nonetheless, later that year Wilson tried unsuccessfully to arrange a breakfast between Smith and Marcinkus in Rome. As recently as last May, Wilson called FBI Director William Webster to ask about the status of U.S. interest in the case. Wilson was also sternly warned by the State Department in December 1983 to avoid involvement in the case of Commodities Trader Marc Rich, who fled to Switzerland after being indicted in one of the biggest tax-fraud cases in U.S. history. Yet shortly after, Wilson met with a Swiss official on Rich's behalf.

AP

William Wilson

The slip-ups did not seem to hurt him: before Wilson was made an ambassador three months later, the Government gave him permission to remain on two corporate boards, which ambassadors are generally forbidden to do. He subsequently resigned from one, but still serves as an unpaid board member of the Pennzoil Co.

SPIRITS

Real Men Don't Drink Bourbon?

The startling study was enough to drive men to drink. According to a report released last week by the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration, bourbon, America's beloved corn squeezings, contains female-type sex hormones that may be responsible for the "feminized" appearance—enlarged breasts and beardless faces—of some alcoholic men. The culprit, wrote Judith Gavaler, a medical researcher at the University of Pittsburgh, may be phytoestrogen, a female-type hormone found in corn.

"I grabbed my head to see if my hair was still there," said Art Hancock, executive vice president of Jack Daniel Distillery, the Tennessee sour-mash whisky maker. "In the past two years, we have had so much adverse publicity about the effects of hard liquor, it is almost like having Prohibition back." His worry is premature. According to Gavaler, phytoestrogen is also prevalent in wheat, rice and hops, as well as peanut, soybean and olive oil.

A REASSURI

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For example, all our cars have bumpers that are four times as strong as the government demands. (A fact GM, Chrysler, even Mercedes and Volvo can't claim.)

We were the first major U.S. manufacturer to put halogen headlamps and steel-belted radials as standard equipment on all our cars. And we were also the first to offer an optional package of occupant protection features, including seatbelts and padded instrument panels.

You're going

*Based on a survey of owner reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 vehicles.
**Offered by participating dealers.

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We also live up to that commitment by building those cars and trucks very, very carefully.

The fact is, a survey of thousands of new car and truck owners has shown that Ford is building the highest quality vehicles of any major U.S. manufacturer.*

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We think that what you find out will be very reassuring.

to love the quality. Ford **Quality is Job 1.**

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FORD TRUCKS • FORD TRACTORS

Standing in an open car, Major General Buhari, right, reviews the troops during Army Day celebrations in the capital a fortnight ago

NIGERIA

Rooting Out Corruption

Offering no apologies, a new leader presses his "war against indiscipline"

"The present situation is not of our making. But Her Majesty's government is bound to take the gravest view of any evidence which appears to implicate members of diplomatic missions in serious crimes in this country." With those solemn words, Foreign Secretary Geoffrey Howe informed the House of Commons last week of the measures that Britain was taking against Nigeria for the bungled attempt a fortnight ago to abduct from Britain Alhaji Umaru Dikko, an exiled former minister. Because Nigerian diplomats had refused to answer police inquiries about the case, said Howe, two members of Nigeria's High Commission, or embassy, "must leave the country within seven days." The Foreign Secretary also said that it would be "inappropriate" for the Nigerian High Commissioner to return to London after his consultations about the case with officials in Lagos.

One day earlier a London court had brought formal charges of kidnaping against the three Israelis and one Nigerian whom police had found along with the drugged Dikko in two air cargo crates bound for Nigeria. The full extent of official Nigerian involvement in the plot was still not clear. But by expelling only two of the 122 Nigerian diplomats in London and suggesting that the High Commissioner not return, the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher hoped to signal Nigeria's military leader, Major General Mohammed Buhari, that Britain was prepared to close the bizarre episode before it strained relations between the two countries to the breaking point. Said Howe: "I earnestly hope that these events will not inflict lasting damage to our long-term relationship with Nigeria, a Commonwealth country with which we have had good relations over many years."

Whether Nigeria would be equally willing to let diplomatic bygones be bygones was another matter. The military regime belatedly requested Dikko's return so that he could stand trial for corruption. But Nigerian officials had no apologies to offer and retaliated by expelling two British diplomats and requesting that Britain recall its High Commissioner. Brigadier Tunde Idiagbon, Buhari's second in command, said bluntly that his country was "more determined than ever to bring home those who make away with the nation's wealth." He accused London of providing a haven for those who "perpetrated economic outrage against Nigeria" and charged that Britain had consistently neglected Nigeria since it gained independence in 1960.

The foiled kidnaping plot provoked an outpouring of nationalistic fervor in

The elite presidential guard at drill

"Be proud. Do your job well."

Photographs for TIME by William Campbell

Nigeria, Africa's most populous nation (pop. 100 million). In an impassioned editorial, the Lagos *Daily Times* claimed that Britain deserved no apology and was "an enemy of the interests and aspirations of the Nigerian people." Other newspapers carried dramatic accounts of the "barbaric" treatment that the crew of the Nigerian cargo jet had received after the suspicious boxes were discovered on board. Said a Lagos taxicab owner: "It is fitting that Dikko should be sent home in a crate, just like an English master sends his dog to Nigeria."

For Nigerians, Dikko has become the embodiment of the worst abuses of the democratic government of President Alhaji Shehu Shagari, who was overthrown in a military coup last New Year's Eve. As Shagari's Minister of Transport, Dikko was responsible for importing and distributing rice. Army officials claim that through a circuitous system of payoffs, a 110-lb. sack that cost $35 at dockside was eventually sold to consumers for $267. The hefty difference is said to have lined the coffers of Shagari's National Party of Nigeria and, many citizens suspect, Dikko's pockets as well. Says the head of a large Nigerian firm: "Dikko is the symbol, the essence of the corruption of the Shagari regime."

During the four years that followed an earlier military regime's decision to return power to civilians, Nigeria went on what one Lagos businessman calls "an incredible drunken spree, with oil revenues paying the bills." While soaring inflation and graft turned staples like rice into luxuries that few could afford, some government officials blithely had gourmet food flown in from Paris; some even owned jets complete with foreign crews. Tam David-West, a former university professor who is now Petroleum and Energy Minister, estimates that as much as 20% of Nigeria's oil revenue from 1980 to 1983 was lost through fraud or smuggling.

Taking charge after the coup, Buhari promised to "root out the canker worm of corruption." His 19-member Supreme Military Council began rounding up former officials and purging the ranks of the armed forces, the police, the national security service and the customs office. As many as 520 civilian leaders, including former Vice President Alex Ekwueme and several Cabinet ministers and state governors, now await trial in prisons across the country. President Shagari has not been charged with any crime, but he remains under house arrest in Lagos.

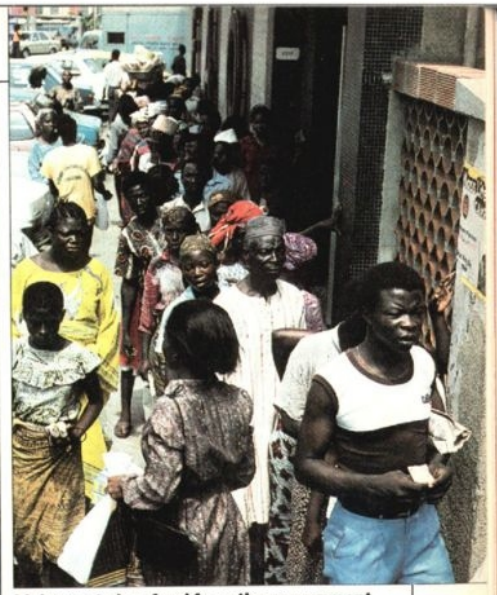
A devout Muslim who once trained at the U.S. Army War College in Carlisle Barracks, Pa., Buhari has mobilized his entire nation in the "war against indiscipline." Buttons bearing that motto are now as common in the army leadership as military braid. Nigerian schools have stepped up the use of corporal punishment, and the death penalty has been decreed for anyone committing armed robbery. To curb the epidemic of holdups that used to take place in broad daylight in downtown Lagos, Buhari dispatched soldiers to join policemen on urban patrols. Television advertisements proclaim a new message: "Be proud. Do your job well. You are important." Another film spot shows a boorish soldier abusing and shouting at ordinary citizens, and asks: "You know your power, but do you know your job?"

As part of its anticorruption campaign, the government abruptly changed the color of Nigeria's paper currency last April. The "second coup," as Nigerians described the currency switch, sent most citizens, who still keep cash at home, running to the banks to convert old notes to new ones. That enabled the tax authorities to determine who had large, unexplained assets. Buhari then imposed an austerity budget designed to increase foreign exchange deposits and make Nigeria less dependent on imports. He slashed public works and channeled funds into agriculture. The government has also tried to persuade urban Nigerians to return to farming and give up popular imported foods like Uncle Ben's instant rice for more traditional staples like yams and cassavas.

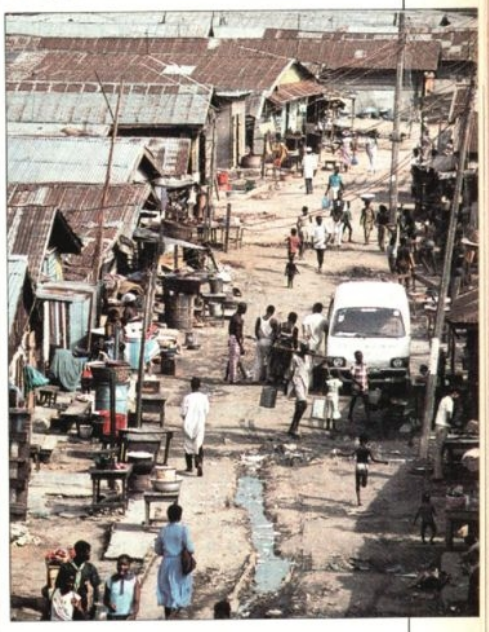
Despite the belt tightening, the economic crisis is far from over. The port of Lagos remains empty of ships, and Nigeria's once burgeoning auto industry (which builds Volkswagens and Peugeots) is in decline because the country cannot afford to import the components to assemble cars. Since the beginning of the year, factory closings have cost well over 1 million Nigerians their jobs. There are shortages of everything from cleaning powder to tea. Last week pepper disappeared from store shelves. Nigerians must stand in line to buy basic necessities like rice and soap. A large yam now sells for $10 and a small bag of flour for $3. Such items are simply out of reach for most Nigerians, who earn the minimum wage of $166 a month.

Oil, which accounts for more than 90% of Nigeria's foreign exchange earnings, once seemed to be the answer to all economic needs. But because of the glut on the world market, Nigerian wells now produce about half as much oil as they did four years ago, and each barrel brings in fewer dollars. Western economists estimate that Nigeria's internal debt has reached $35 billion; in addition, the country owes $19 billion to $24 billion to foreign banks and international institutions. Some welcome news came from Vienna last week when OPEC ministers agreed to let Nigeria increase its daily production of 1.3 million bbl. by 150,000 bbl. in the next two months, which should add $250 million to the country's earnings.

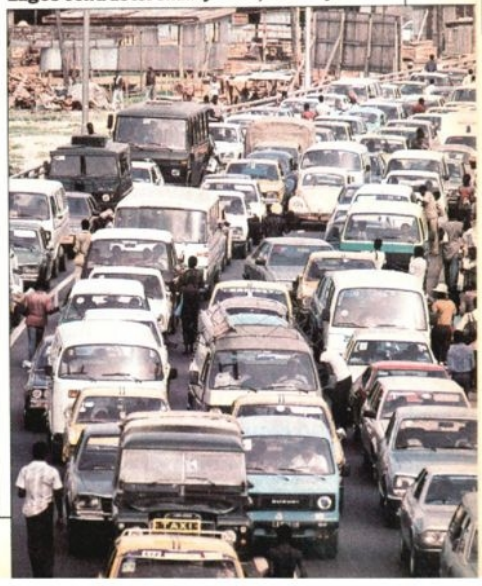
Nigeria's most immediate need is for a $3 billion loan that it has requested from the International Monetary Fund to help pay interest on its debts. U.S. and West European banks have refused to discuss any change in repayment terms until Nigeria has reached an agreement with the IMF. The new military regime has been reluctant to adopt IMF recommendations to



Lining up to buy food from the government



Lagos contrasts: shanty town, traffic jam



carry out a two-stage, 60% devaluation of the naira. Equally unwelcome is a demand that Nigeria end subsidies on oil products sold domestically, a move that would be costly for the hundreds of thousands of motorists who clog the capital's thoroughfares. "The IMF always gives the same bitter castor oil to all Third World countries, regardless of their problems," says Businessman Arthur Mbanefo. "They will not understand that each state, each country is a particular case and must be treated as such."

A major challenge for the military is to be evenhanded in its treatment of Nigeria's three main ethnic groups: the Hausa-Fulani tribe of the predominantly Muslim north and the Ibo and Yoruba tribes of the south, which has a large Christian population. Southern leaders are concerned that the most powerful men on the ruling military council are Muslims. The corruption trials have been closely watched to see that the suspects are treated equally. Eight of 19 state governors have been sentenced to 21 to 120 years in prison, but most of them were from the south.* A tribunal partly redressed the balance last week when it found three northern politicians guilty of fraud and sentenced them to a total of 139 years.

With their country stirred by the outburst of patriotic fervor, few Nigerians have raised questions about the legality of the plot to bring Dikko home. The Buhari government has stressed that it will respect the law, but there have been other unsettling indications that concern for security could easily lead to abuses. The Nigerian Bar Association has called on lawyers to boycott the fraud and corruption trials, because the proceedings seemed too much like summary justice. In a move widely viewed as a signal to Nigeria's freewheeling press to watch its words, a Lagos court two weeks ago sentenced two journalists to a year in prison and fined their newspaper $65,000 for reporting that the Nigerian High Commissioner in London would be replaced.

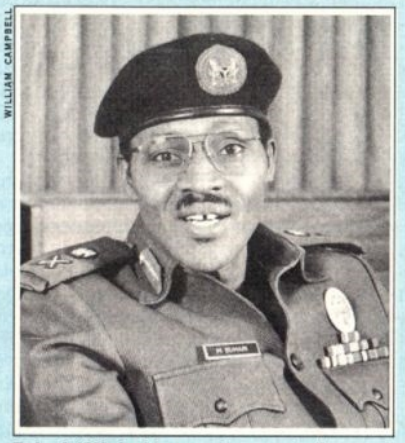
Nigeria's Roman Catholic bishops met with Buhari in June to urge him to begin grooming new leaders in preparation for the eventual return to civilian rule. The general has refused to set a timetable for new elections, and so far, he seems to be enjoying considerable popular support. Says a Lagos bus driver: "We just hope they stay and fix things right. No more violence, no more thieves." A Nigerian intellectual shares those sentiments about the future. "This government must succeed," he says. "The consequences of failure would be too terrible to contemplate." ***—By John Kohan. Reported by Frank Melville/London and James Wilde/Lagos***

*The military government also ordered the arrest of Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, the Ibo leader who led his tribe in a merciless war to create the separate state of Biafra in 1967-70 and who had been allowed to return from exile in the Ivory Coast in 1982.

"We Need U.S. Understanding"

A few days before the Dikko kidnaping, TIME *Nairobi Bureau Chief James Wilde made his way past heavy security at State House, in the heart of a fortress of whitewashed stones and manicured lawns in Lagos, to interview Major General Mohammed Buhari. Above the three rows of ribbons on his crisply starched shirt, the lean Nigerian leader was wearing a button with the slogan "War Against Indiscipline." His shoes were as shiny as mirrors, and behind his gold-rimmed glasses, gentle smile and soft voice, he exuded a quiet air of power. Excerpts from the discussion:*

On Democracy. For four years the military watched the presidential system being mismanaged. The economy was badly run down. There was a large external and internal debt that could not be serviced. Corruption was rife at all levels of the government. Law-and-order was breaking down. We believed that if this situation continued there would be anarchy, so we had to intervene to save the country. Unfortunately, I believe, the operators failed the system, rather than the system failing the operators. If the [1983] elections had been run fairly, there would have been no cause for the military to intervene. I think that at an opportune time Nigerians will have the chance to choose what type of government they want to see in the country. But we are not thinking of handing over power now. We are more preoccupied with enormous social and economic problems.



WILLIAM CAMPBELL

Buhari: "We had to save the country"

On the Economy. The fundamental issue is that Nigeria is a single-export economy. Oil accounts for more than 90% of our foreign exchange earnings. We earn dollars because of the OPEC pricing system, but we are suffering now because we produce less and sell the oil at lower prices. We must import only goods that are basic and essential to our economy. A lot of emphasis has been put on agriculture. Because of the shortage of food in the country, people are going back to the land. We have taken stock of our debts and redone the budget. We tried to cut expenditures and set up a committee to review which projects we can handle and which ones we should totally abandon. We will not allow state governments to take on any more loans, and the federal government has curtailed all other foreign loans. Even the foreign bankers have started to see results.

On Talks with the IMF. We need the loan very badly, otherwise we would not have asked for it. We have taken a number of measures to convince the IMF that we are really serious about checking expenditure and encouraging farming, as they suggested. There are three vital areas that we have not been able to agree on with the IMF: currency devaluation, trade liberalization and the lifting of petroleum subsidies. They do not seem to think that we are trying hard enough to meet their demands. We feel that if we implemented these three measures they would cause social upheaval in the country. But we will continue to negotiate.

On the Opposition. There are those outside the country who have occasionally threatened this administration. They are people of substance. But we are definitely not going to panic. We are not afraid of the challenge made by people outside the country.

On Nigeria's Image Abroad. We suffer from a lack of understanding by America and other countries about the real situation here. The last government had good public relations and sold the system to the Western press. Electoral malpractice was virtually swept under the carpet, but underneath the surface the country was boiling. I believe there is no harm in criticism, if it is true. We have the most vocal press in the world in Nigeria. If we can put up with that, we can put up with others too. But a lot is being taken for granted. We need U.S. understanding because the U.S. is the single most important customer for us. For that reason alone, our relationship with America is very important.

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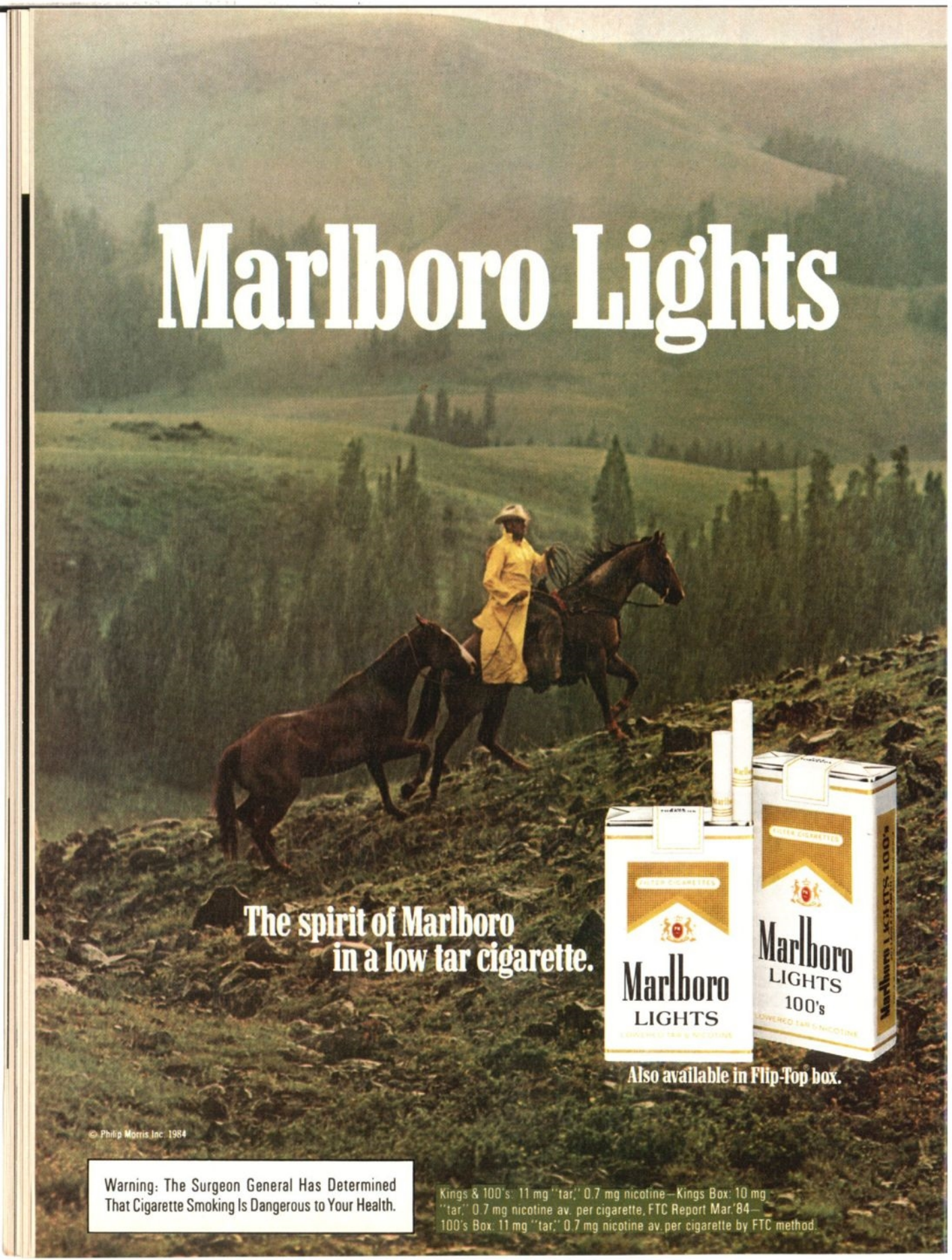
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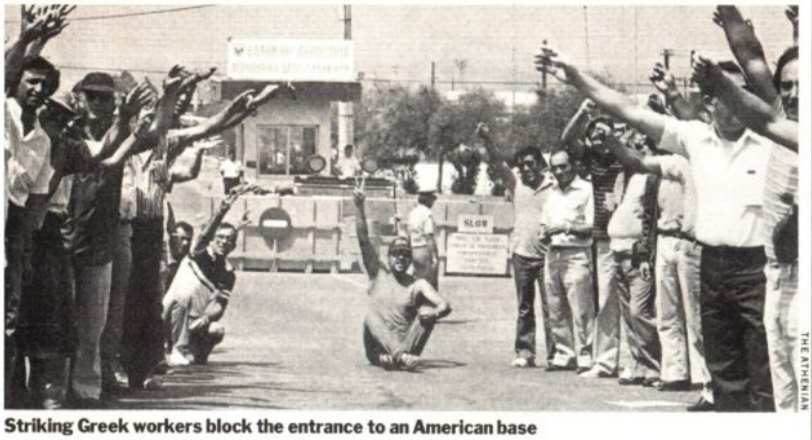


THE ATHENIAN

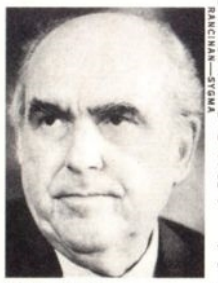
Striking Greek workers block the entrance to an American base

GREECE

F-5 Furor

Washington gets mad at Athens

Since Greek Socialist Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou, 65, came to power almost three years ago, his erratic and often acerbic pronouncements have exasperated his NATO allies. Washington, in particular, has grown increasingly irritated at what some officials regard as Papandreou's "anti-American, pro-Soviet, pro-terrorist" policies. Last week it was revealed that on June 26 the Greek Ambassador to the U.S., George Papoulias, was summoned to the State Department, where he was informed by Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt that the U.S. was considering denying a Greek request for surplus military aircraft: 16 F-5 fighters, at present in Norway's possession. According to Administration sources, most of the F-5s may instead go to Greece's traditional enemy, Turkey. Said a senior official in Washington: "The Greeks have got to see that they've got to act like allies."



RANCINAN—SYGMA

Papandreou

The Administration in the past had muted its criticism of the Greek government, in part because it wanted Papandreou to honor a defense agreement that went into effect late last year. The pact allows the U.S. to continue maintaining strategic military bases in Greece until at least 1988, although the functioning of the bases has in recent days been hampered by striking Greek workers. Moreover, U.S. Ambassador to Greece Monteagle Stearns, a personal friend of the Prime Minister's, had offered some sound advice: "Don't look at what Papandreou is saying but at what he is doing." For example, Papandreou has kept Greece in NATO, despite an earlier threat to pull out.

But Washington tempers flared in May after Papandreou, a former economics professor at the University of California at Berkeley, called the U.S. "the expansionist metropolis of imperialism." He also asserted that the Soviet Union is incapable of imperialism because of the nature of its economic system. The remarks came on top of Greece's continuing opposition to the deployment of new NATO missiles in Western Europe, as well as Papandreou's refusal to condemn Soviet behavior in Afghanistan and Poland.

Tensions were further exacerbated over an incident involving a suspected Arab terrorist. The man, whose name is believed to be Fuad Hussein Shara, was suspected by American and British intelligence officials of planting a suitcase containing a bomb on a commercial flight from Athens to Tel Aviv. The bomb did not go off. Greek authorities failed to press charges against the man and allowed him to leave the country. But they expelled an American CIA agent for obtaining evidence illegally by breaking into the Athens apartment of Shara's unwitting British woman friend.

The Greeks contended last week that sending the F-5s to Turkey would upset the delicate balance of power in the Aegean. They regard their NATO partner Turkey, not the Communist bloc, as their greatest threat. Much of this animosity results from the political division of Cyprus, over which Athens and Ankara have been clashing for years.

Greek authorities insist that the CIA's activities in the Shara case have undermined their own investigation. Said one Athens official: "The accusations that we are protecting terrorists are ridiculous."

At week's end both sides appeared anxious to resolve their disagreements. An Administration spokesman emphasized that from the very first the surplus aircraft had been earmarked for Turkey, not Greece. "It's not like Greece just lost a squadron of airplanes," he said. "No one is writing Greece off." After meeting with Stearns in Athens, Papandreou noted, "I am optimistic that the problems can be surpassed." ***—By Hunter R. Clark. Reported by Mirka Gondicas/Athens and Barrett Seaman/Washington***

ISRAEL

The Final Lap

Polls show Peres leading

Never was the contrast in the styles of the two men so apparent. Animated, aggressive, sarcastic, Shimon Peres assailed his opponent, all the while calling him "Mr. Shamir" instead of by his official title of Prime Minister. "You have learned to make mistakes," Peres summed up. "We have learned from your mistakes." Yitzhak Shamir did his best to ignore the barbs. Serious, diffident, somewhat plodding, he pledged to tackle the nation's woes more aggressively. Said he: "Elections come and go, but the country stands forever . . . We must fortify it."

That half-hour televised debate last week marked the first and probably last time the two candidates will meet before next Monday's parliamentary elections. With questions supplied in advance, the encounter mirrored the sluggish campaign. Opinion also seems becalmed: according to polls published in the Jerusalem *Post* last week, Peres and his Labor party still enjoy a cozy lead over Shamir's Likud bloc, 39.5% to 29.5%. If that gap holds, Labor could win 47 of the Knesset's 120 seats, *vs.* 35 for Likud.

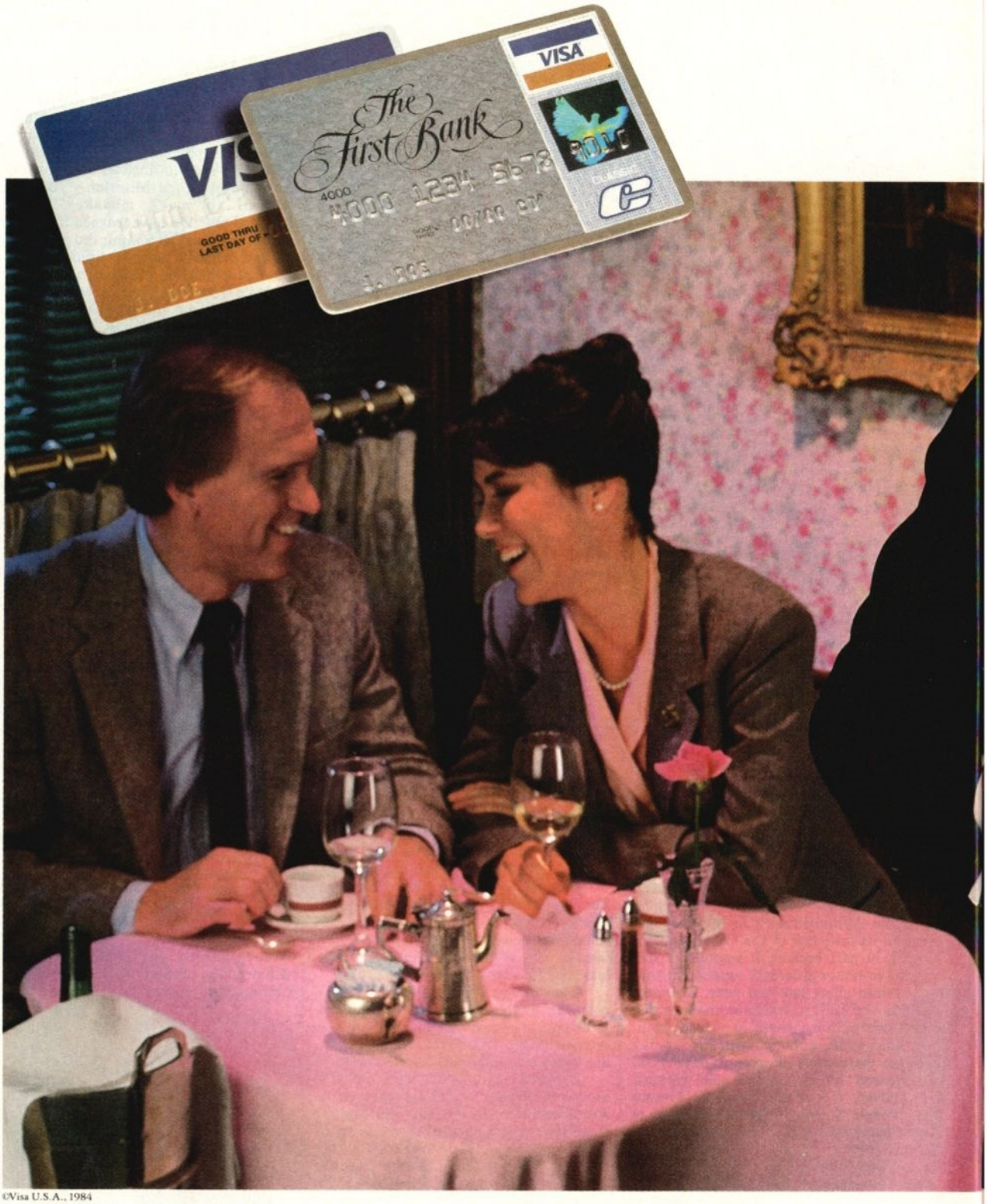
To improve his chances, Shamir has cast about for a headline-grabbing diplomatic strike. At one point his aides whispered about a summit meeting with Morocco's King Hassan II or a get-together with Ronald Reagan, but Shamir did not pursue either one. The Prime Minister is still pushing to swap 120 Palestinian guerrillas for three Israeli soldiers held by a wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization. What he would most welcome is a last-minute campaign appearance by his predecessor, Menachem Begin, who remains a virtual recluse in his Jerusalem apartment. Likud officials estimate that a TV or radio address by Begin would be worth between two and five extra seats.

Shamir repeated his pledge to invite Labor to join a national unity government if he is elected, but Peres quickly turned aside the offer as an "election ploy." Nonetheless, the winner almost certainly will need the support of several small parties to build a coalition. Shamir could

DAVID RUBINGER

Shamir being made up before TV debate

The encounter mirrored the campaign.



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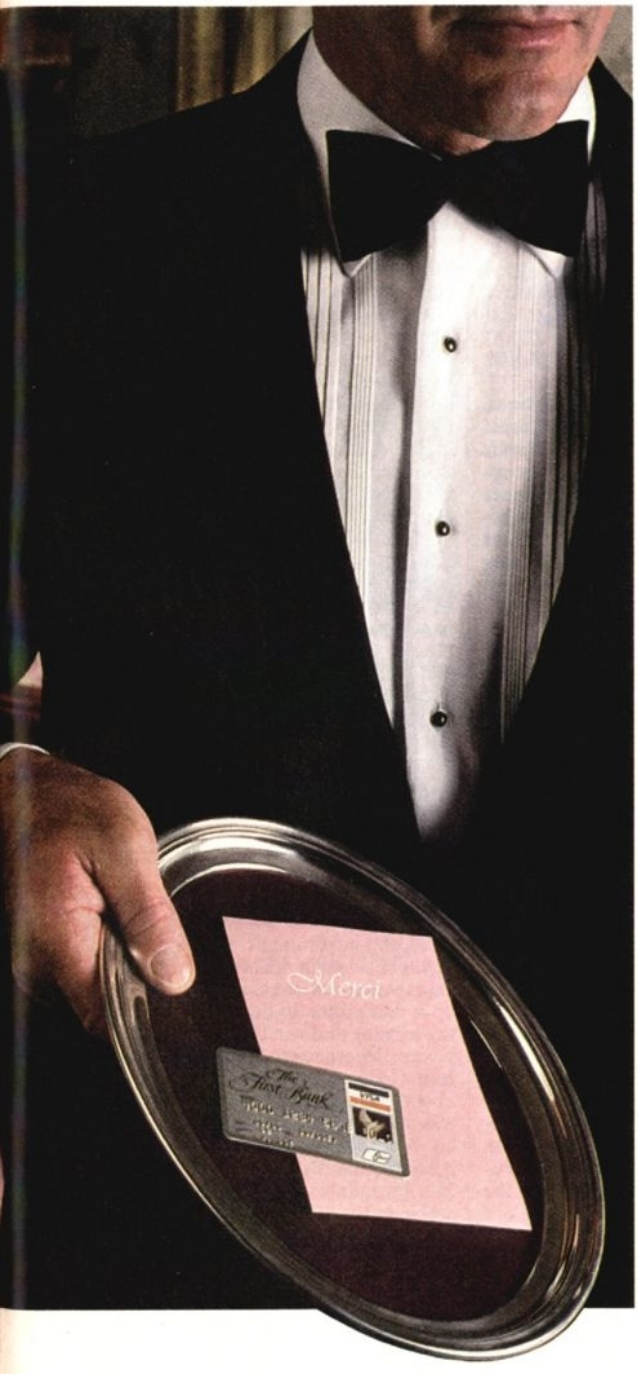

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glean bright news from polls that show Tehiya, an ultra-right-wing Likud partner with three Knesset members, picking up six or seven seats. If the election is taper thin, that could be enough to tip the balance in Shamir's favor.

Both parties continued to rely on TV commercials to win voters' hearts, though neither candidate was featured prominently. Instead, Likud and Labor hired well-known comics to carry the message. In one skit, Labor chastised Likud for seeming to claim that nothing had been accomplished in Israel before Begin came to power in 1977. "Did you hear, the Likud built Masada?" a comedian asked in a reference to the fabled mountain fortress at which Jewish warriors held off the Romans in the 1st century A.D. The Likud gave as good as it got by poking fun at Peres' ambiguous views. Imitating the Labor leader's voice, the jester answered one question, "Yes. No. Yes. No . . ."

The ugliest ad was aired by the Kach movement, headed by Rabbi Meir Kahane, the Brooklyn native who believes that all Arabs must be expelled from Israel. As an announcer intoned the names of Israelis killed by Arabs in recent months, blood red drops spilled on the ground. Then the camera cut to Kahane, who said, "Give me the power and I'll take care of them." By "them" Kahane obviously means the Arabs.

After the vituperative campaign of 1981, both parties signed a pact this year that banned rowdy acts, including the throwing of rocks and tomatoes. Aside from several nasty incidents at Labor rallies last week, the accord has held up well. But if tomatoes have not cropped up as projectiles, they have as an issue. To illustrate the ravages of Israel's 400% annual inflation, Labor opened a stall in Haifa at which it sold tomatoes at 1977 prices. One shekel, or less than half a cent, bought two pounds; the going price today is about 100 shekels. Likud officials reacted as if they had been pelted with overripe Big Boys. Shamir's coalition filed a complaint with the police, arguing that Labor was buying votes with cheap produce, but authorities dismissed the protest. It was a measure of just how stimulating the voters found both candidates that the Great Tomato War found its way into the papers. ■

DAVID RUBINGER

Peres being readied for the cameras

Discount tomatoes for sale.

JAREB I—UPI

Grieving mothers block the road to Beirut airport as smoke from burning tires billows skyward

LEBANON

Remembering

Women search for missing kin

They looked like angry apparitions, these shawled women with arms stretched up to God and faces gnarled by grief. They came not because they remembered, but because they resolutely refused to let others forget. What has become of their husbands, their brothers and sons who have vanished during nearly a decade of civil strife? Delirious with despair, hundreds of them defied Lebanon's warlords last week and shut down the freshly opened roads between East and West Beirut. Bustling about in thick cotton dresses, they piled up burning tires, tree trunks and splintered furniture. Motorists who dared approach the barricades got their windshields smashed by club-toting mothers. Wives hurled curses at scurrying pedestrians, daughters scuffled with astonished soldiers.

Many of the women wore pictures of their missing relatives across their dresses, like rows of hard-won campaign medals. Some pulled out worn snapshots, while others brandished framed glossies. The haphazard gallery of photographs symbolized one of the nastiest legacies of Lebanon's nine years of civil war. During the spasms of bloodletting, which primarily pitted Muslim against Christian, as many as 5,000 people disappeared without a trace. Most were taken by rival militias in the perennial quest for revenge or as hostages for the return of members of the abductors' own sect. What makes the mournful protests so poignant is that of the thousands kidnaped, only about 200 are thought to be alive. Many Beirutis remember seeing bodies dumped in streams or floating in the sea. "You just turned your head and went about your business," said an office manager. "You knew that they had been killed by the militias and that there was nothing you could do about it."

The protesters sought not revenge but peace of mind, to go to bed at night knowing the fate of their dearest. "Both my husband and my eldest son disappeared eight years ago," said Fatmi Hassan, 54, proffering two smudged black-and-white photos as proof. "The Christian militia took them away. If they are alive, I want them back. If they are dead, I want to know they are dead." Said Jamal Khoury, a Christian whose husband was last seen in the Chouf Mountains in September: "He must be dead, but there is something inside you that won't let go until you see the body or know the details."

The identity cards that all Lebanese must carry and that indicate their religion became instant death warrants for some. "They took my husband just because his papers said he was a Shi'ite," said Nabila Khalil, 23. "Some soldiers stopped him and said they wanted to ask him a few questions. I haven't seen or heard from him in 14 months." One episode occurred often enough to become a sort of national nightmare: militiamen would set up an impromptu checkpoint, stop a car and discover the driver belonged to an enemy sect. Sometimes the motorist would be shot, sometimes he would be hustled away and executed later.

Since every faction in the Cabinet bears responsibility for its share of abductions, the government has no interest in public discussion of this issue. But to placate the women, the Cabinet last week set up a committee to determine the fate of the missing and win the release of the survivors. International Committee of the Red Cross officials have already visited about 120 hostages held by the various militias.

A dramatic act of violence momentarily distracted Beirut last week: a Shi'ite Muslim splinter group blew up the Libyan embassy to protest the disappearance of Imam Moussa Sadr, their spiritual leader, who vanished while visiting Libya in 1978. Aside from that, life in the city was normal. On Wednesday four men were kidnaped, allegedly by Christian vigilantes. The next day, three Christians were abducted. And somewhere in the city, several more women suddenly agonized over whether they should hope or mourn. —***By James Kelly. Reported by John Borrell/Beirut***

CANADA

Off and Running

Turner calls a snap election

Politics and protocol weighed heavily on the mind of Canada's new Prime Minister, John Turner, 55, as he sped home from a whirlwind visit to London. He had gone there to see Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and to ask Queen Elizabeth II, who is also Canada's constitutional monarch, to postpone a two-week tour of Ontario, Manitoba and New Brunswick that was scheduled to begin last week. The Queen's assent allowed Turner to make a much awaited announcement: Canadians will go to the polls on Sept. 4.* The federal election was needed, he said, to bring "a renewal of confidence and certainty in this country."

Turner hopes the election will give

The incumbent: Prime Minister John Turner

The challenger: Tory Leader Brian Mulroney

Both favor a mild rightward shift.

him what he lacks most, a mandate. A former Finance Minister, he was chosen on June 16 to succeed Pierre Elliott Trudeau as leader of the Liberal Party; when Trudeau resigned as Prime Minister two weeks later, Turner was sworn in as head of the government. Turner does not, however, have his own seat in Parliament. He also needs an election in order to impose his personal stamp on the Liberals after 16 years of Trudeau's cerebral and autocratic dominance. Turner's main opponent is Brian Mulroney, 45, leader of the country's Progressive Conservatives.

*The Queen, who avoids visits during election campaigns, will now tour Canada from Sept. 24 to Oct. 7. She will then spend two weeks on horse farms in Virginia and Wyoming.

In many ways, there is little difference between the two men. Both are telegenic politicians, fluent in English and French. Mulroney has never held public office, and Turner has not held elective office since resigning as Finance Minister eight years ago. (Mulroney, who took over the Conservatives in June 1983, won his parliamentary seat two months later). Both are corporate lawyers who favor a mild rightward shift in government. Neither advocates a major assault on Canada's extensive social-welfare system, although both favor long-term reductions in the country's U.S. $22.5 billion federal deficit (7.7% of last year's G.N.P.) and a more receptive climate for foreign, particularly U.S., investment. Among the problems the next national leader will face: 11.3% unemployment and a dollar that is now worth less than U.S. 75¢.

In addition, both Turner and Mulroney agree that the next Canadian government should be more representative of the country as a whole. Under Trudeau, the Liberals shrank to become the party of eastern Canada: they held only two of 77 parliamentary seats from the four provinces west of Ontario. For their part, the Conservatives have only one of 75 seats in the French-speaking province of Quebec. In parallel attempts to remedy that imbalance, Ontario-raised Turner is expected to run for Parliament from British Columbia, while Mulroney is expected to trade his safe seat in Nova Scotia for a constituency in his native Quebec.

Only five months ago, when Trudeau was still Prime Minister, Mulroney enjoyed a 48% to 36% lead over the Liberals. Just two weeks ago, however, a new Gallup poll showed Turner ahead, 49% to 38%. ■

NICARAGUA

Pastoral Advice

The Pope vs. *the Sandinistas*

"I would wish to invite you to pray for the church of Nicaragua, which in recent days has lived through a sad event. It is especially serious, added to the trials already suffered there." Pope John Paul II's words, coming at the end of his weekly audience in St. Peter's Square last Wednesday, were unusually strong, but so was the provocation. Two days earlier, Nicaragua's Marxist-led Sandinista government had expelled ten foreign priests, four of them Spaniards, whom it accused of being involved in antigovernment activities.

Seven of the expelled clergymen had joined Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo and several hundred protesters in a march through Managua on Monday. They were supporting a Nicaraguan priest whom the Sandinistas have accused of supplying weapons to the U.S.-backed *contras,* who are trying to overthrow the Sandinistas. The charge against all of the expelled priests was that they had criticized the government. "Foreign priests do not have the right to participate in politics against the government," declared Sergio Ramírez, a member of the Sandinista junta. Responded Archbishop Obando: "The government wants a church that is aligned with the Marxist-Leninist regime."

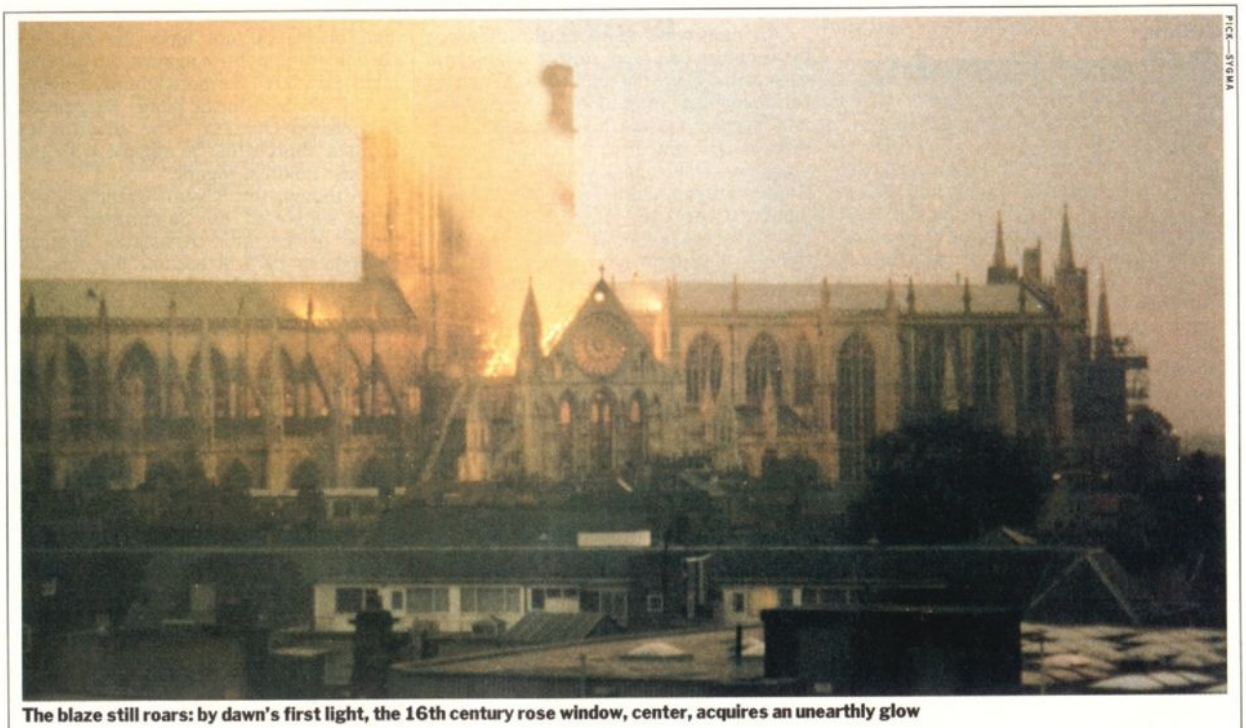
Although the Roman Catholic hierarchy supported the Sandinistas' overthrow of Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle in 1979, it became disenchanted as the new leadership imposed curbs on personal freedom, including press censorship and restrictions on public assembly. More recently, the church has opposed the government's decision to draft all men over the age of 17. In addition, the Pope has been at odds with four priests who disregarded his opposition to political involvement by taking high-level positions in the Sandinista government.

Tension between the church and the

Protest Leader Archbishop Obando y Bravo

government surfaced in March 1983 when Sandinista groups shouted down the Pope as he spoke at a meeting in Managua. Last Easter Sunday, Nicaragua's nine bishops issued a pastoral letter that strongly urged the government to open a direct dialogue with the *contras* and opposition leaders. The Sandinistas are now apparently trying to link the bishops to the *contras* in the hope of diffusing the impact of what the government fears will be a church-supported boycott of elections set for Nov. 4.

In Washington, meanwhile, a former Salvadoran guerrilla commander who has been cooperating with U.S. intelligence gave support last week to an oft-disputed assertion of the Reagan Administration by noting that "99.9%" of the Salvadoran guerrillas' weapons once came from Nicaragua. According to Administration officials, the guerrillas are now doing so badly that they have to recruit new members forcibly. ■



PICK—SYGMA

The blaze still roars: by dawn's first light, the 16th century rose window, center, acquires an unearthly glow

BRITAIN

A Bolt from the Heavens

Fire damages an ancient church amid a debate over faith

It was an unholy coincidence that many took to be divine retribution. Two weeks ago, Canon David Jenkins, 59, who had publicly asserted that neither the Virgin birth nor the Resurrection need be taken too literally, was formally consecrated as Bishop of Durham in York Minster amid cries of protest. Less than three days later, in the early hours of the morning, lightning forked down on the wooden roof of the minster's 13th century south transept. By 2:30 a.m., flames were leaping from the medieval masterpiece that is the largest Gothic cathedral in Northern Europe.

As the fire raged, members of the minster staff worked together in the burning building to salvage tapestries, candlesticks, altar crosses and whole pews. Eventually the smoke and heat forced them to withdraw, and the south transept's entire roof "collapsed like a pack of dominoes," in the words of one clergyman. After three hours, firemen managed to bring the blaze under control. They also succeeded in preventing the fire from spreading through the rest of the church. As daylight crept into the now roofless transept, the full scope of the tragedy became apparent: littered with six-foot-high piles of charred debris and fallen beams, the area resembled nothing so much as a bombed-out shell. But the destruction had been limited. Five-sixths of the church, including a huge wooden sculpture of the Virgin and Child, remained unharmed. Best of all, the minster's priceless medieval stained glass largely escaped serious damage. Said Chief Fire Officer Ralph Ford: "The Lord was on our side as we battled with the flames."

AP

PICK—SYGMA

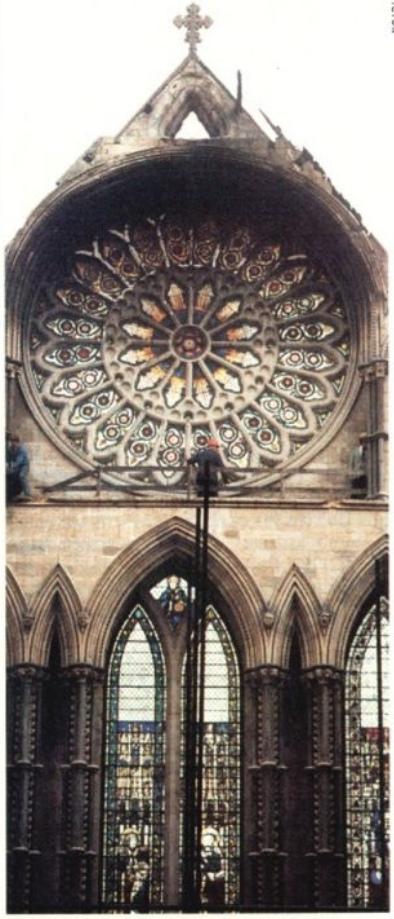
Bright orange flames dance through the sky above the minster

No sooner had the fire subsided, however, than the flames of controversy were rekindled over the new Bishop of Durham. Jenkins, a professor of theology at the University of Leeds, had caused much of the fuss in a TV appearance about a month after he was named to the diocese. He had declared that the Virgin birth and the Resurrection might be more symbolic than literal, and that a person could be a good Christian even while doubting the divinity of Jesus. Immediately, traditionalists mounted a counterattack. The conservative *Church of England Newspaper* condemned Jenkins as a man "who takes pride in peddling dangerous and false heresy." A petition opposing the appointment was signed by 12,500 Anglicans.

After the York Minster blaze, Jenkins' detractors lost no time in claiming that their views had been vindicated. John Mowll, 51, a vicar who had been evicted from the minster for voicing protests in the midst of the new bishop's consecration ceremony, suggested that "divine intervention" might have caused the fire. Others took refuge in the Bible, citing the prophet

FRASER—SIPA SPECIAL FEATURES

The day after: the south transept of Northern Europe's largest Gothic cathedral resembles a bombed-out shell



TOM PICTON

The charred and blackened rose window

Elijah, who brought down a fire from heaven, which destroyed an altar he had built in the presence of the prophets of Baal. A less apocalyptic note was sounded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie. The real miracle, he implied, was that the damage was confined to so small an area.

That was indeed a blessing for a church that has weathered a peculiarly ill-fated history. England's finest Gothic cathedral has had both its nave and its choir ravaged by flames: an earlier fire, in 1829, was the work of a mad arsonist who believed that York Minster was the symbol of a corrupt church. More recently a plague of deathwatch beetles (*Xestobium rufovillosum*) began nibbling into the timber roof. Last week's blaze also partly destroyed the work of a five-year, $3 million rehabilitation program that was concluded in 1972, the 500th anniversary of the minster's completion. It was that project's releading of the church's stained glass, architectural experts believe, that saved the 16th century rose window, the glorious centerpiece of the south transept, from being reduced to a blackened hole.

Replacing the fallen roof is expected to take more than a year, and repairing all the damage up to five years. Last Wednesday the minster's doors were reopened to tourists—2 million visit the cathedral every year—and many left donations. Other contributions have begun to arrive from around the world. At least half of the restoration cost, which was estimated at more than $1.3 million, is covered by the Church of England's own insurance agency, the Ecclesiastical Insurance Office, even though the cathedral's policy makes no mention of acts of God. ***—By Pico Iyer. Reported by Arthur White/London***

PICTON

Burned roof beams litter the floor

World Notes

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Fierce Fight Between Neighbors

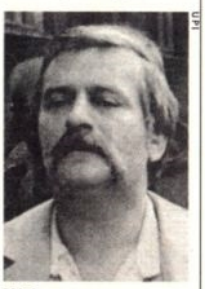
Two quarrelsome Communist neighbors, China and Viet Nam, were at it again last week. Ferocious fighting appeared to be under way, resulting in heavy casualties. Both sides had widely differing accounts of how it began. Peking charged that Viet Nam had attacked China's southern border. The official New China News Agency reported that Chinese frontier guards in Yunnan province had repulsed the invaders after ten hours of pitched battle. The Viet Nam News Agency, accusing China of shelling border hamlets, claimed that Chinese troops had seized strategic positions in the north of Viet Nam.

China has a vested interest in keeping the border war going. With troops positioned along the frontier, Viet Nam has been unwilling to carry out a full-scale offensive against Chinese-backed guerrillas next door, in Kampuchea. China is not the only neighbor upset with Viet Nam. At a summit of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) in Indonesia last week, attended by U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, the region's foreign ministers joined in condemning Viet Nam's "illegal occupation" of Kampuchea.

POLAND

Four Dissidents in Court

The official indictment charged the four men who went on trial in Warsaw last week with conspiring to overthrow the Communist system in Poland. That could mean only one thing: they had collaborated with the banned Solidarity movement. So when Intellectuals Jacek Kuron, Adam Michnik, Henryk Wujec and Zbigniew Romaszewski appeared before a military tribunal, former Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa broke off his summer vacation to travel to Warsaw. Although rows of police prevented Walesa from entering the military courthouse, his presence drew cheers and applause from the crowd that had gathered outside.


UPI

Walesa

The case comes as an embarrassment to the government of General Wojciech Jaruzelski, who wants to improve relations with the U.S. Last spring the government offered to free the four men if they would refrain from all political activity and leave the country for a period. They refused. There has been widespread speculation that Jaruzelski will mark Poland's National Day on July 22 by offering an amnesty to all political prisoners from the Solidarity era, including the four men on trial. If convicted, the four could face up to ten years each in prison.

KUWAIT

A Shopping Trip to Moscow

Top officials of oil-rich Kuwait, led by Defense Minister Sheik Salem al-Sabah, flew to Moscow last week on a ten-day arms-buying trip. High on the Kuwaiti shopping list were sophisticated SA-8 surface-to-air missiles, as well as shoulder-fired SA-7s, as substitutes for the Stinger antiaircraft weapons that the Reagan Administration declined to supply last month on the grounds that Congress would veto the deal. The Soviets seemed happy to oblige: the two parties initialed a weapons-purchase agreement, although no details were announced.

The mission to Moscow served as a sharp reminder that the gulf region is the scene of an escalating arms race, partly as a result of the Iran-Iraq war. One of Kuwait's primary concerns is that Iran might launch air attacks against Kuwaiti oil refineries, loading facilities and desalination plants. Other gulf Arab countries have similar fears. As a result, billions of dollars of American, British and French weapons have been flowing into the area. Underlining the climate of uncertainty in the gulf, the British tanker *Renown* was struck last week by Iranian air-launched missiles. Ironically, *Renown* had been steaming to unload Iranian oil from another stricken tanker, hit by Iraqi missiles the week before.

SOVIET UNION

Nostalgia and Persecution


ANSA

Tarkovsky

"As far as the Soviet authorities are concerned, I simply do not exist." So said the U.S.S.R.'s internationally celebrated film director Andrei Tarkovsky as he announced in Milan last week that he was seeking political asylum in the West. One reason for his decision: Soviet officials had ignored his repeated applications for permission to extend an 18-month working stint abroad. The director, whose wife is with him, said that requests for other members of his family to join him, particularly Son Andrei, 13, had also gone unheeded.

Tarkovsky, 52, was most recently acclaimed in the West for *Nostalghia,* which won three prizes, including a special award for creative cinema, at the 1983 Cannes Film Festival. According to Tarkovsky, Soviet officials tried to have the picture withdrawn from the competition. The dispirited director says that he has been allowed to make only six feature-length films during a 24-year career. Present as Tarkovsky made his emotional announcement were three other famous exiled artists from the Soviet Union: Cellist-Conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, Stage Director Yuri Lyubimov and Writer Vladimir Maximov. All understood Tarkovsky's bitter complaint: "I cannot help but ask why they persecute me so."

BRITAIN

A Battle for Che's Legacy

As Fidel Castro's onetime comrade-in-arms and a quixotically unsuccessful exporter of revolution in Latin America, the late Ernesto ("Che") Guevara is a Marxist cult figure of high standing. Last week his chief legacy was a hot capitalist property and the object of hectic legal maneuvering in London. As the result of a legal action by the Bolivian government, a British judge upheld an injunction on Sotheby's auction house, preventing the sale of the original diaries of the Argentine-born guerrilla leader. The court order will allow Bolivia to continue its efforts to recover the documents that, its government says, were stolen from army archives in the capital of La Paz.

Che's famous diaries, which were widely published in facsimile editions, cover the period from 1966, when Guevara launched a guerrilla crusade in the South American jungle, to his ignominious death at the hands of Bolivian troops in October 1967. At the time, the handwritten diaries were displayed only briefly; Bolivian officials believe they may have been stolen some time between 1980 and 1982 from a shoebox kept inside a locked safe. Sotheby's, which has declined to identify the current owner, has estimated a value for the diaries that must have Guevara's spirit writhing in torment: $330,000.


LIFE

Guevara

Essay

Waiting as a Way of Life

Waiting is a kind of suspended animation. Time solidifies: a dead weight. The mind reddens a little with anger and then blanks off into a sort of abstraction and fitfully wanders, but presently it comes up red and writhing again, straining to get loose. Waiting casts one's life into a little dungeon of time. It is a way of being controlled, of being rendered immobile and helpless. One can read a book or sing (odd looks from the others) or chat with strangers if the wait is long enough to begin forming a bond of shared experience, as at a snowed-in airport. But people tend to do their waiting stolidly. When the sound system went dead during the campaign debate in 1976, Jerry Ford and Jimmy Carter stood in mute suspension for 27 minutes, looking lost.

To enforce a wait, of course, is to exert power. To wait is to be powerless. Consider one minor, almost subliminal form. The telephone rings. One picks up the receiver and hears a secretary say, "Please hold for Mr. Godot." One sits for perhaps five seconds, the blood pressure just beginning to cook up toward the red line, when Godot comes on the line with a hearty "How are ya?" and business proceeds and the moment passes, Mr. Godot having established that he is (subtly) in control, that his time is more precious than his callee's. (Incidentally, the only effective response to hearing the secretary's "Please hold for . . ." is to hang up without explanation. After two or three times, Mr. Godot himself will place the call, as he should have done at the start.)

But the "please hold" ploy is a mere flicker in the annals of great and horrible waiting. Citizens of the Soviet Union would think it bourgeois decadence to complain about such a trifle. The Soviets have turned waiting into a way of life. The numb wait is their negotiating style: a heavy, frozen, wordless impassivity designed to madden and exhaust the people across the table. To exist in the Soviet Union is to wait. Almost perversely, when Soviet shoppers see a line forming, they simply join it, assuming that some scarce item is about to be offered for sale. A study published by *Pravda* calculates that Soviet citizens waste 37 billion hours a year standing in line to buy food and other basic necessities. To bind an entire people to that kind of life is to do a little of the work of the Gulag in a different style.

Waiting is a form of imprisonment. One is doing time—but why? One is being punished not for an offense of one's own but often for the inefficiencies of those who impose the wait. Hence the peculiar rage that waits engender, the sense of injustice. Aside from boredom and physical discomfort, the subtler misery of waiting is the knowledge that one's most precious resource, time, a fraction of one's life, is being stolen away, irrecoverably lost.

Americans have ample miseries of waiting, of course—waits sometimes connected with affluence and leisure. The lines to get a passport in Manhattan last week stretched around the block in Rockefeller Center. Travelers waited four and five hours just to get into bureaucracy's front door. A Washington *Post* editorial writer reported a few days ago that the passengers on her 747, diverted to Hartford, Conn., on the return flight from Rome as a result of bad weather in New York City, were forced to sit on a runway for seven hours because no customs inspectors were on hand to process them.

The great American waits are often democratic enough, like traffic jams. Some of the great waits have been collective, tribal—waiting for the release of the American hostages in Iran, for example. But waiting often makes class distinctions. One of the more depressing things about being poor in America is the endless waiting it entails: waiting for medical care at clinics or in emergency rooms, waiting in welfare or unemployment lines. The waiting rooms of the poor are forlorn, but in fact almost all waiting rooms are spiritless and blank-eyed places where it always feels like 3 in the morning.

One of the inestimable advantages of wealth is the immunity that it can purchase from serious waiting. The rich do not wait in long lines to buy groceries or airplane tickets. The help sees to it. The limousine takes the privileged right out onto the tarmac, their shoes barely grazing the ground.

People wait when they have no choice or when they believe that the wait is justified by the reward—a concert ticket, say. Waiting has its social orderings, its rules and assumptions. Otherwise peaceful citizens explode when someone cuts into a line that has been waiting a long time. It is unjust; suffering is not being fairly distributed. Oddly, behavioral scientists have found that the strongest protests tend to come from the immediate victims, the people directly behind the line jumpers. People farther down the line complain less or not at all, even though they have been equally penalized by losing a place.

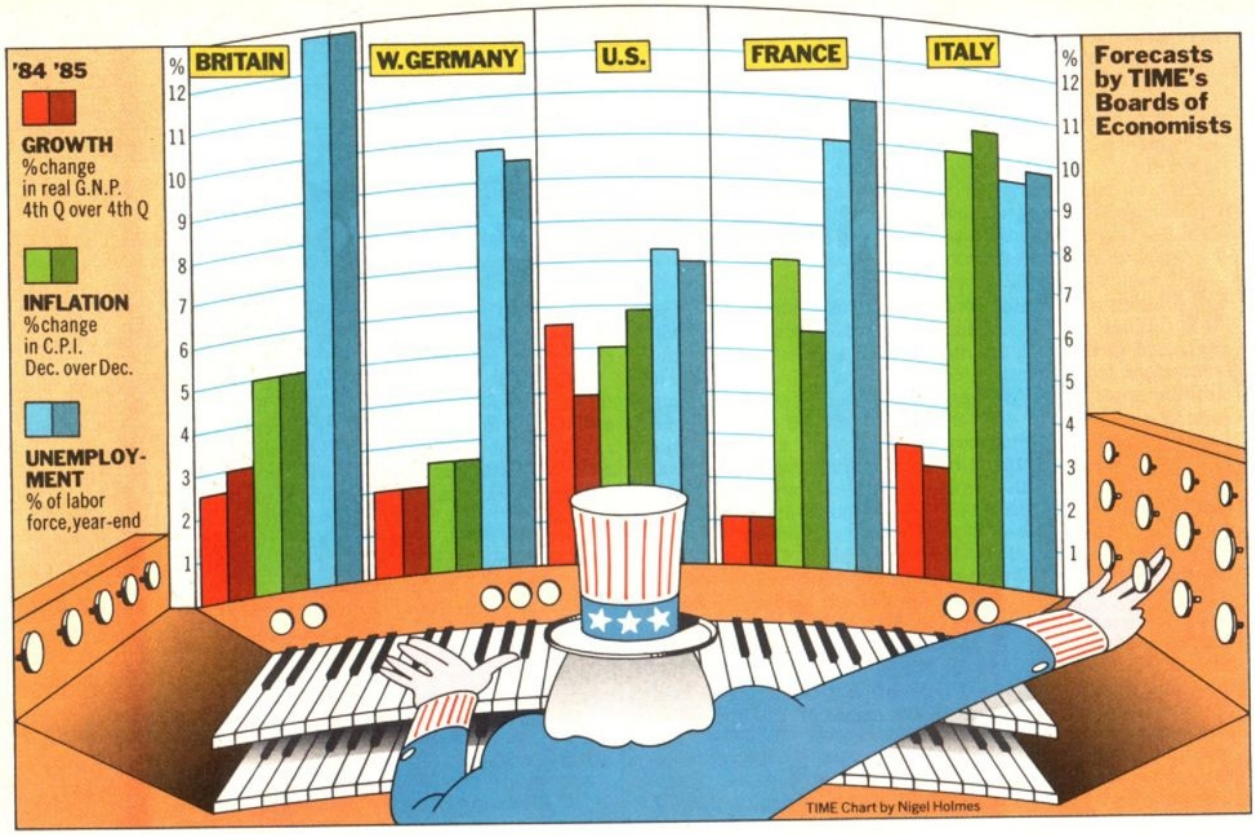
Waiting is difficult for children. They have not yet developed an experienced relationship with time and its durations: "Are we there yet, Daddy?" There can be pleasant, tingling waits, of course, full of fantasies, and they are often connected with children: the wait for the child to arrive in the first place, the wait for Christmas, for summer vacation. Children wait more intensely than adults do. Sheer anticipation makes their blood jump in a lovely way.

Waiting can have a delicious quality ("I can't wait to see her." "I can't wait for the party"), and sometimes the waiting is better than the event awaited. At the other extreme, it can shade into terror: when one waits for a child who is late coming home or—most horribly—has vanished. When anyone has disappeared, in fact, or is missing in action, the ordinary stress of waiting is overlaid with an unbearable anguish of speculation: Alive or dead?

Waiting can seem an interval of nonbeing, the black space between events and the outcomes of desires. It makes time maddeningly elastic: it has a way of seeming to compact eternity into a few hours. Yet its brackets ultimately expand to the largest dimensions. One waits for California to drop into the sea or for "next year in Jerusalem" or for the Messiah or for the Apocalypse. All life is a waiting, and perhaps in that sense one should not be too eager for the wait to end. The region that lies on the other side of waiting is eternity.

—By Lance Morrow

Illustration for TIME by Steve Guarnaccia



Economy & Business

Play It Another Way, Sam

TIME's *European economists see growth ahead but worry about U.S. policy*

It can hardly be called a boom, but Western Europe's recovery, still somewhat tentative only six months ago, is now taking root and slowly spreading. Healthy profits in many industries are turning out to be the best possible antidote to the fashionable Europessimism that only a few months ago considered the Continent to be in an irreversible economic decline. With the upswing has come a return of business confidence, at least for the next 18 months. Beyond that period, though, the outlook is clouded by the unpredictable course of the surging U.S. economy, because high interest rates plus towering budget and trade deficits make the American expansion appear unsustainable. So instead of relaxing and enjoying the pickup, Europeans are now fearful about a new U.S. downturn and its impact on both themselves and the Third World debtor nations, whose inability or unwillingness to repay loans could bring on an international financial crisis.

That was the assessment of TIME's European Board of Economists, which held its twice-yearly meeting last week in the Italian resort town of Cernobbio, outside Milan. Said Hans Mast, a University of Zurich lecturer and executive vice president of Crédit Suisse: "Europe's substantial pickup seems to belie recent theories about the inevitable stagnation of the old Continent in contrast with the youthful vigor of the U.S. and Japan. We still seem to possess talents for aggressiveness and innovation in world markets."

Mast predicted an average growth of 3% for Western Europe both this year and next. Said he: "When the expansion in the U.S. economy slows down in the foreseeable future, Europe and Japan are likely to take on more importance as the sustaining force in the world economy." Moreover, European growth is taking place at the same time that the average inflation rate has fallen from 7.1% in 1983 to 5.5% this year. While the recovery was at first pushed forward by private consumption and housing starts, it is currently being driven by exports and private investment.

In just the past six months, Western Europe's foreign trade has expanded by more than 10%, led chiefly by exports to the U.S. Rising profits have helped spur outlays for new plant and equipment, which are expected to grow by 4.4% this year and 5.7% in 1985, according to European Community calculations. Six months ago, Britain led the recovery, followed by West Germany. But now other countries are joining the trend—The Netherlands, Sweden and Switzerland. Even France and Italy, which stayed in recession longest, are showing symptoms of growth.

Despite the spreading upswing, however, Western Europe continues to suffer from high unemployment. The jobless rate is expected to remain at 10% in 1984 and decline next year by a mere half a percentage point. Michael Emerson, chief forecaster for the Commission of the European Communities and a guest at last week's meeting, noted that Europe's "nonperformance" in creating new jobs was becoming dramatic. Emerson said that the rigidity of

the European labor market, where unions are strong enough to make layoffs extremely difficult, have raised real wage costs over the past ten years.

The answer to the unemployment problem is business-labor cooperation to create more flexible and lower real wages that will get people back into a changing job market. But that does not seem to be happening. In fact tensions between the two groups are running high in some places. Britain's violence-ridden coal strike is dragging into its fourth month. West Germany's seven-week metalworkers' strike, which ended earlier this month, was one of the country's most disruptive postwar labor disputes.

As both Mast and Emerson see it, the European pickup rests on a more healthy monetary and financial base than does the stronger U.S. boom. Mast pointed out that the major West European countries, with the notable exception of Italy, are running relatively modest budget deficits of about 3% of gross national product, in contrast with 5% in the U.S. The ten nations of the European Community this year will mark a historical turning point: for the first time in more than two decades, government spending is expected to grow more slowly than the economy as a whole. Said Emerson: "This is no mean feat. It is rather like turning the course of one of the world's strongest-flowing rivers." Moreover, all four major economies can boast strong and improving trade surpluses, compared with the U.S. trade deficit of $130 billion for 1984.

Surveying the Community's four major economies, the board found solid reasons for upbeat forecasts, if the U.S. economy does not derail the recovery:

WEST GERMANY. Herbert Giersch, director of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics, said the year began with such an upswing that he thought the country might have 3% growth. The long metalworkers' strike, though, has forced him to cut back his spring forecast from 2.5% to 2%. It is too soon, he said, to know how the strike's settlement—a 38.5-hour work week—will affect business confidence in the future, but he expects growth to hit a cruising speed of around 2% during the next year. Export performance will continue to propel the economy, while a restrictive monetary policy will keep inflation, now at an annual rate of 2%, from rising more than half a percentage point. Giersch worried, however, about what he called Bonn's reluctance to cut public spending for welfare payments and business subsidies.

BRITAIN. Even if the coal miners' strike continues to the end of September, the effect on British growth will probably be only around half a percentage point, according to Samuel Brittan, assistant editor of London's *Financial Times*. Coal output, which is down by 7%, accounts for about 4% of industrial output. Steel production has dropped by 15%, but hardly any other industries are being affected by the strike.

As a result of the labor troubles, Brittan scaled down his forecast for the year from 3.5% to 2.5%, and predicts 3% growth in 1985. Private investment is expected to rise by more than 10% in real terms this year, and exports will grow by 5% to 7%. Inflation is forecast to remain at around 5% over the next two years, but weak world prices for Britain's North Sea oil may drive down the value of the pound.

Despite the underlying strength of the recovery, which Brittan compared with the "golden age" before the first oil crisis in 1973, the slow upward creep of unemployment—now at 12.5%—has not halted. The problem, according to Brittan, is that labor is taking the fruits of the economic upswing in the form of higher pay rather than in more jobs. The spurt in corporate profits, up 25% last year and expected to continue rising, could gradually encourage employers to hire more workers, Brittan believes.

ITALY. For all its own budget-deficit problems, the Italian economy is expanding much like its northern neighbors at a rate of 3% this year, according to Guido Carli, former governor of the Bank of Italy. Exports to the U.S., including such high-tech products as robots, are booming. Next year, growth may drop slightly to 2.6% if the U.S. economy slows as expected. Inflation will crackle along at about a 10% rate this year and next. Unemployment, now running at 9.5%, will near 10% in 1985, as industry continues to shed workers aggresively.

Carli was worried above all by the rise in government spending, which is now about 50% of gross national product. He argued that reducing expenditures for local government, public health and social security is an urgent political necessity. He also believes that an incomes policy to hold down wages is vital but that the government appears to have given the powerful unions a veto in major economic decisions. Said he: "I think that creates a major problem for the functioning of a parliamentary democracy."

FRANCE. The embattled Socialist government of President Francois Mitterrand, while still condemned to practice austerity, has begun to benefit from the spread of the recovery. Instead of the stagnation that had been expected this year, the economy is now growing at a rate of about 1%, with a similar outlook for 1985, according to Jean-Marie Chevalier, professor of economics at the University of Paris Nord.

The key to this improvement is the government's success in curbing inflation and holding down wage increases. Inflation has dropped from last year's 9.3% to 7.1% this year, and Chevalier predicts it will fall even further, to 5.5% in 1985. Businessmen are once again investing, encouraged by incentive measures from a government that has rediscovered the virtues of the private enterprise system. Like its neighbors, France is exporting more. But, again, in France unemployment remains a problem. The number of jobless will reach 2.5 million this year, or 10% of the work force, and rise to 11% in 1985.

French industry, said Chevalier, is split between efficient companies, on the one hand, and money losers in need of subsidies, on the other. Yet despite social and political pressures, Paris is determined to weed out the losers as part of its painful and belated drive to modernize the economy.

Throughout the meeting, board members returned repeatedly to what they saw as the dangerous imbalances of the Amer-

RUDI FREY

While the dollar surges, TIME's board meets in Italy to ponder Europe's economic future

ican boom, which are caused by the large U.S. deficits. Jan Tumlir, chief economist for the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), compared the American recovery with "one of those elegant ladies of a uncertain age" whose true visage is masked by mountains of makeup. On one level, he said, it appears to be a young boom that could carry on for maybe two years, but rising interest rates also make it look like a dying boom. Said Mast: "The U.S. has one foot down on the budget accelerator and at the same time the other foot on the tight-money brake. Any car driven that way will be ruined in time."

For Brittan, the main question was whether the U.S. would have a "soft landing" or a hard one. The soft landing would bring down the budget deficits and interest rates without causing a severe recession, but Brittan found that unlikely. Said he: "Having waited so long and so late to reduce the deficit, the U.S. Government might well have to reduce spending or increase taxes at a time of business weakness." The result of such action would probably be a sharp recession. Giersch, on the other hand, believed that even a downturn would not shake the world's faith in the fundamental strength of the U.S. economy. Western Europe's cautious recovery has been fueled by the U.S. boom, and now Europeans are anxiously watching the course of the American economy to see what will happen to their own. ***—By Frederick Painton***

The Incredible Superdollar

While TIME's European Board was meeting last week, American tourists abroad were enjoying the benefits of the strongest dollar in years. Travelers in French restaurants, British department stores and Italian antique shops happily found that their dollars bought a lot of the good life. Despite yearlong predictions that the U.S. currency would fall in value, it was flying higher than ever. The dollar reached a ten-year peak against the West German mark and set records against French, British and Canadian currencies.

Bargain-happy vacationers were not the only ones to notice. As the linchpin of world trade and finance, the surging dollar affects everyone, from American consumers and manufacturers to Third World borrowers, and the effects of the strong U.S. currency were felt last week far beyond money-exchange markets. In New York, gold prices dropped to a two-year low of $338 an ounce, as speculators dumped the precious metal to invest in dollars. In Chicago, commodities prices fell as well, further depressing goods as varied as soybeans and lumber. Since May, commodities prices have dipped nearly 9%, in part because of the rush to buy dollars.

A powerful fusion of forces has been propelling the dollar upward. "It's not just a single factor," says Salomon Brothers Chief Economist Henry Kaufman. "It's the combination." High U.S. interest rates that attract foreign cash are among the major reasons. At 13%, the U.S. prime rate is at its loftiest since September 1982, and pressures from the huge federal deficit and the strong economic rebound are likely to drive the prime higher. High interest rates, of course, can be good for those with money in the bank.

The robust American economy has also made the U.S. a land of investment opportunity. Unlike other developed nations, America is currently basking in a sunny combination of strong growth and moderate inflation. After expanding at an annual rate of 9.7% in the first quarter and an estimated 5.7% in the second, the U.S. gross national product is expected to increase some 5.5% during all of 1984, or more than twice as much as the average for other industrial countries. U.S. inflation, meanwhile, has fallen to less than 5%. Last week the Government reported that wholesale prices did not increase in June, the third month in a row of no change.

The strong dollar is a mixture of both pluses and minuses. On the positive side, it not only creates travel bargains but also lowers the cost of Italian clothes, Japanese cars and everything else that Americans import. Although the resulting flood of foreign goods has helped to create a yawning U.S. trade deficit, the cheap imports have done much to hold down prices. As the dollar's value swelled in 1981 and 1982, inflation fell from roughly 9% to 4%. "About half of that drop can be attributed to the strong dollar alone," says John Paulus, chief economist for Morgan Stanley, a leading investment banking firm.

By making foreign products cheaper, the U.S. currency is also spurring Europe's recovery. Said West Germany's Herbert Giersch at last week's board meeting: "We in Germany are quite happy about the value of the dollar and the fact that the United States is pulling in so many of our resources."

But the vigorous dollar has drawbacks as well. It adds to the burden Third World borrowers face by raising the cost of the dollars they need to repay their debts. It also has been punishing U.S. farmers and companies whose products have a hard time competing with low-priced foreign goods. "Exporters are just taking it in the neck," says Jerry Jasinowski, chief economist for the National Association of Manufacturers. Indeed, U.S. trade deficits that could reach $130 billion this year have cost some 1.2 million U.S. jobs since 1982.

What now worries some experts is the chance that the dollar may come crashing down. That could happen if skittish investors decide that the currency is greatly overvalued and suddenly start to sell. Such a run could blunt the U.S. recovery by draining off cash needed by American industry. Many observers believe, however, that the economy's vigor makes a dramatic pullout unlikely.

Still, forecasters have grown wary of trying to predict just where the high-flying dollar might next be headed. Said Board Member Sam Brittan last week: "There could be a sharp drop in the dollar over the next six months, or there could be a gradual drop, or it could move even higher. The only honest answer is that we do not know." Having been consistently amazed by the dollar's surge, the experts now prefer to let the currency do the talking. ***—By John Greenwald. Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York***

TERRY SMITH

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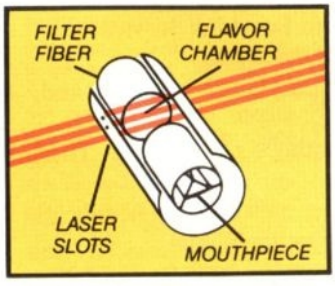

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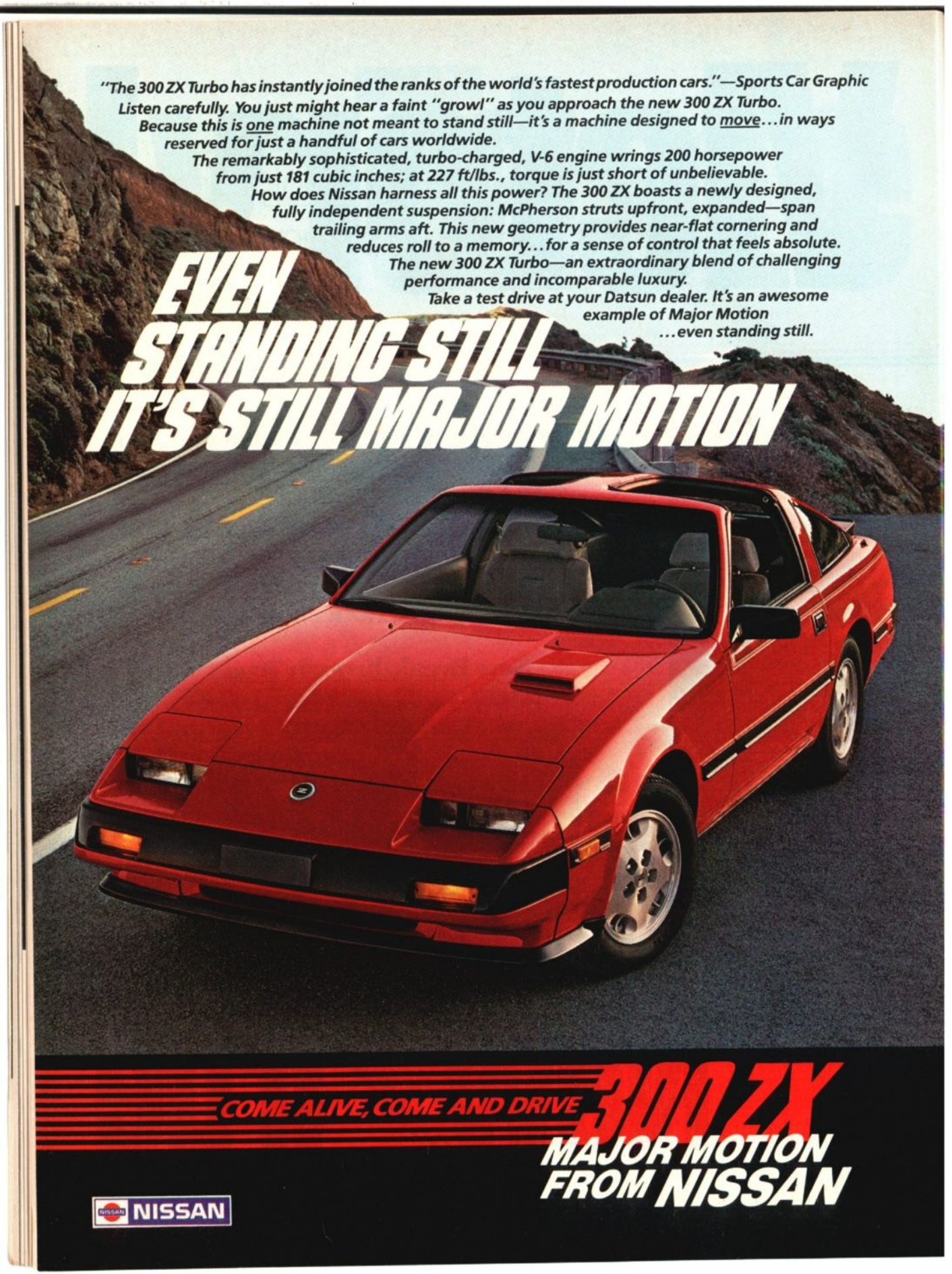
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Generators of Bankruptcy

Some utilities are approaching the brink

Planned and built in another, more optimistic age, America's electric utilities were modeled after the grandiose ideas of Thomas A. Edison, a hero of 19th century applied science. Now the industry is wallowing in unheroic times. In Midland, Mich., last week, directors of Consumers Power voted to stop construction on a nuclear project that is already $3.25 billion over budget, while local companies and state officials debated whether to save the plant. In New York, nearly 4,000 maintenance workers went on strike over wages against troubled Long Island Lighting, which is on the brink of default, the first ever in the 74-year history of the utility. Lilco Chairman William Catacosinos has bluntly stated that the company could be "forced into involuntary bankruptcy" next week.

Lilco is not the only power company whose managers are seriously talking about bankruptcy, which has not happened to a major utility in the U.S. since World War II. About half a dozen of America's 100 largest electric utilities are near that drastic step. What is more, these are among the biggest and most respected in the country, and how they handle their problems will determine the response of the entire industry.

The failures of the 1930s and 1940s were brought about by stock manipulation; the companies underneath remained sound. That is not the case this time. The companies themselves are teetering. Warns Ernest Liu, energy analyst at New York City's Goldman, Sachs: "This is the closest utilities have come to bankruptcy in any time in our history."

The objects of the most pessimism, in addition to Consumers Power and Lilco, are Public Service Co. of Indiana, Public Service Co. of New Hampshire and United Illuminating of Connecticut. All undertook ambitious nuclear power programs in the 1970s, then saw those projects threatened by antinuke sentiment after Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island accident. On top of that came searing double-digit inflation and rising interest rates that drove up construction costs to four and five times the estimates. The oil shocks of the 1970s made it all the harder for the utilities to produce cheap power. Finally, recession cut into demand for industrial and residential electricity and left many utilities with too much capacity, even before the completion of their new generators. During the 1970s, consumer demand rose 7% annually. By 1983, though, the yearly rise had fallen to about 2%. Meanwhile, the stocks of the utilities dropped way off in value, to between a third and a half of what they once were, and Moody's and other rating services have been downgrading the once sterling utility bonds.

New York's Lilco is in the worst shape of all, and Wall Street analysts bet that if there is a utility bankruptcy, Lilco will be the first. Lilco is awaiting approval of $200 million in bank loans, along with rate increases of another $200 million, but help from both quarters is uncertain. Governor Mario Cuomo has said he will not support a state bailout to prevent a Lilco bankruptcy, and regulatory authorities are ensnarled in what size rate hikes to grant.

Lilco's albatross is its Shoreham nuclear-power plant, completed in 1975 but inoperative since then because of lawsuits over safety and evacuation plans that would be used in case of an accident. Shoreham's cost was originally projected at $241 million, but the utility has already spent closer to $4 billion. The company loses about $1.5 million for each day that Shoreham's start-up is delayed.

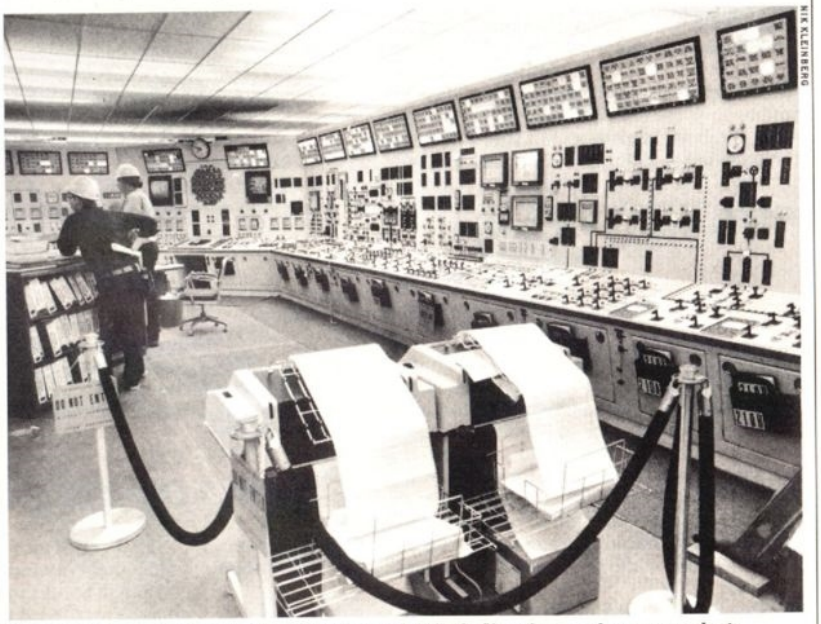
Lilco has cut nearly 1,000 jobs, trimmed wages and reduced its budget by $100 million. But that is not expected to be anywhere near enough. Even if Lilco makes it through the summer, more pressures await in the fall. The utility faces a $90 million bond redemption in September that it says it cannot pay on time. If the bondholders demand money just the same, Lilco could be forced into bankruptcy.

Critics dismiss some of the bankruptcy talk as a scare tactic. Says Michael Totten, director of the Critical Mass Energy Project, a Washington conservation group: "It could be a bluff or a negotiating ploy. You can get a lot of mileage by scaring people. The companies have found a new weapon to force states to raise rates."

There is no doubt, though, that if Lilco or any other major utility declared bankruptcy, the ripples would spread through the financial community. Just one bankruptcy, says Analyst Liu, would "cost the entire industry its credibility." Bank credit, already difficult to obtain because of heavy risk, would dry up altogether. The various state public service commissions would move in and run the reorganized, bankrupt utilities. Whatever happens, says Francis Rivett, a spokesman for the New York PSC, "the lights won't go out."

Bankruptcy or no, bills to users are probably going up. Public Service of New Hampshire, drained by its Seabrook nuclear complex, is hanging on with money from Merrill Lynch's sale to investors of $90 million in short-term notes. The real rescue money, though, will come from users, who face rate hikes of 60% during the next five or six years. Seabrook defenders point out that the project will sharply lessen the state's dependence on foreign oil, whose price rises drove up bills by as much as 80%.

For some customers, though, there is no consolation at all. In Indiana, a task force set up by Governor Robert Orr is recommending a 3% rate hike in each of the next five years to pay for the $2.8 billion spent for the abandoned plants in Marble Hill. That means 540,000 customers in 69 counties would be paying for plants that never produced a single kilowatt of power. ***—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Barbara B. Dolan/Detroit and Thomas McCarroll/New York***



NIK KLEINBERG

The control room during a test at Long Island Lighting's Shoreham nuclear power plant

Business Notes

OPEC

Crude Awakening

Three years ago, OPEC was a global oil power whose $35 price per bbl. of crude meant nightmarish gasoline prices and stagnant economies for the industrialized world. But along with staggering energy costs came recessions and conservation measures that have resulted in a worldwide oil glut. Last week the 13 members of OPEC gathered in Vienna and struggled to hold onto their bench-mark price of $29 per bbl. and a production ceiling of 17.5 million bbl. a day that they established in March 1983.

SCHREIBER—GAMMA/LIAISON

Saudi Arabia's Yamani

The oil ministers may have to live with the glut for a while longer. Quota cheating by the small Persian Gulf states and price discounting by Iran have swelled the cartel's actual production to 18.5 million bbl. In addition, North Sea oil output rose 13.5% during the first five months of this year. To meet those challenges, OPEC last week organized committees to press each member for lower production levels, and Saudi Arabian Petroleum Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani agreed to ask London and Oslo for a rollback in North Sea production. Then, in a symbolic gesture of unity, the oil ministers allowed heavily indebted Nigeria to increase its daily production of 1.3 million bbl. by a total of 150,000 bbl.

TRADE

Foreign Steel Keep Out

The U.S. International Trade Commission tossed an election-year grenade at the Reagan Administration last week. By a vote of 3 to 2, the commissioners recommended that the President impose sweeping new quotas and tariffs to protect many kinds of American steel products from foreign competition. In the case of semifinished steel, for example, the ITC suggested that a 20% tariff should be levied if imports exceed 1.5 million tons per year. Foreign shipments have captured about 26% of the American steel market. Trade experts estimate that the actions recommended by the ITC would keep imports at 15% to 20% of U.S. sales.

The President has 60 days to decide what to do. Reagan is philosophically opposed to protectionism, but he may agree to import curbs rather than risk losing votes in big steel-making states such as Pennsylvania and Ohio. The quotas, however, would limit the supply of steel in the U.S. and thus raise its price. That, in turn, could hurt all consumers by driving up the prices of a wide range of products, from cars to refrigerators.

REAL ESTATE

For Sale: One Town

Even in a Monopoly game, players buy only one avenue at a time. But in Worcestershire County in central England, most of a 7,200-acre town, Redditch, is up for sale—lock, stock and block. The package includes the land under 6,000 private houses, 5 million sq. ft. of factories, 52,000 sq. ft. of office space, 80 miles of roads, 2,650 parking places, two artificial lakes and a shopping mall adorned with live palm trees.

In 1964 Redditch was a small, sleepy town of 30,000. Then a huge building program was launched by the Redditch Development Corp. (RDC), which was created by Parliament as part of a British government-financed program to encourage people to move from large cities into the countryside. The strategy worked well enough to transform Redditch into a thriving city of 70,000.

RDC's charter expires next April, and it has decided to sell its holdings in Redditch to a single buyer rather than auction them off piecemeal. A dozen secret bids have come in from land-development companies, construction firms and pension funds. The price is expected to be nearly £100 million, or $130 million.

SPACE

The Newest Star Wars Battle

U.S. Trade Representative William Brock last week took a small step for a Government official but a giant one in the matter of commercial disputes. After nearly two months of deliberation, Brock agreed to investigate the first formal charge of unfair competition in space. "This," said one staff member, "is not a frivolous complaint."

Transpace Carriers, a two-year-old Maryland firm that plans to use NASA rockets to put satellites aloft, accused Arianespace, its European rival, of using government subsidies to submit low-cost bids for American contracts. Transpace wants the French firm to charge the same price for U.S. launches as it does for European ones. Among the jobs Arianespace has won is a $125 million award to launch five General Telephone & Electric orbiters.

ROGUES—SYGMA

An Arianespace blast-off

Though Brock's office has a year to investigate the complaint, it is likely to rule much sooner. Transpace needs to win three new contracts quickly in order to retain its access to NASA's Delta launch missile. Without the use of the powerful Delta, Transpace would be grounded.

AVIATION

Over the Ocean on Two Engines

In the 1954 movie *The High and the Mighty*, a calm and courageous John Wayne pilots a propeller-driven DC-4 airliner to a safe landing in San Francisco even though two of the plane's four engines have stopped working. Aircraft experts say the chance that two engines would independently break down on one of today's jetliners is only one in a billion hours of flight. For that reason, the Federal Aviation Administration arrived at a preliminary proposal last week that would allow commercial jets with only two engines to make most transatlantic flights. As of now, such routes can be flown only by planes with at least three engines.

The rule change, which could go into effect by next summer, would be a boon to Seattle-based Boeing and Airbus Industrie, the West European aircraft consortium. Boeing has a new 767 twin-engine airliner with enough range to cross the Atlantic, and Airbus is building a similar plane called the A310-300. Many transatlantic airlines will probably be eager to buy and fly twin-engine jets because they burn about 50% less fuel than three- and four-engine models of comparable size.

DAVID RUBINGER

A new rule may lift sales of Boeing's 767

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Rescuing a Protein Factory

New plans are under way to save a great bay from pollutants

The Chesapeake has always attracted superlatives. Captain John Smith, who first entered the bay in 1608, was so taken with the "fruitful and delightsome" place that he declared, "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." H.L. Mencken, Baltimore's celebrated sage, was so impressed by the bay's rich marine life that he labeled it "an immense protein factory."

Both descriptions are accurate. Stretching nearly 200 miles from its northern end at the Susquehanna flats to its southern end at the Virginia capes, only 30 miles wide at its broadest point, the Chesapeake has long been a source of almost overwhelming natural abundance. Geese, black ducks, mallard, teal and widgeon have darkened the skies over the bay and fattened themselves in its marshes. Striped bass, shad and herring spawn in its shallow bays. Oysters, clams and the succulent Atlantic blue crab provide the bay's hardy watermen with a livelihood and gourmets with sea-food delights.

But this bounty and the bay itself are now threatened. Watermen have been saying for years that the Chesapeake is dying. Now others are confirming their complaint. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, after making a $28 million six-year study, concluded in 1983 that the Chesapeake is clearly an ecosystem in decline. Says Maryland Governor Harry Hughes: "Time is running out for the Chesapeake. If we do not take action to save the bay, there may be no point in taking it tomorrow; it may be too late."

President Reagan concurs. Visiting with crabbers at the bay's Tilghman Island last week, he noted the deteriorating condition of the Chesapeake and, without specifying what he or his Administration would do, acknowledged that "the time for action is now."

His concern is timely. Fish catches have been dropping dramatically. The haul of shad, which topped the 17 million-lb. mark in the late 19th century, dropped below 2.5 million lbs. during the late '70s, and in 1980 Maryland banned all shad fishing. Striped bass are also disappearing. In 1973 fishermen sold 5 million lbs. of stripers, or rockfish, as they are called in Maryland. Last year's harvest was under 400,000 lbs.

The Chesapeake still produces some 50 million lbs. of crab meat a year, more than that of all other U.S. areas combined. But oyster catches, which produced an astonishing 120 million lbs. of meat annually in the 19th century, stabilized at about one-sixth that level some 20 years ago. In 1982-83 the tonnage dropped even further when a mysterious and fatal disease called MSX ravaged the crop.

Larry Simns, president of the Maryland Waterman's Association, says that declining catches are forcing him and his fellow fishermen out of business. As Tilghman Islander William Roulette points out, "We all must work part time ashore." The Chesapeake fleet of skipjacks, sail-driven oyster dredges, has dropped from more than 100 boats to 30; the number of working watermen has shrunk from 7,500 in the '50s to about 5,000.

Some of the damage stems from natural causes. But most of the bay's problems can be traced to man. Between 1950 and 1980, population in the bay's watershed increased from 8.5 million to 12.7 million, and the amount of sewage dumped into the Chesapeake's tributaries and into the bay rose accordingly. Industry in the Chesapeake watershed, which extends all the way to New York's Finger Lakes, also expanded.

The growth of the bay area's population has been accompanied by the peril of pollution. The EPA found high concentrations of such heavy metals as copper, cadmium and lead in rivers flowing into the bay from Baltimore, Washington and other cities; high levels of organic compounds, including PCBs, Kepone

President Reagan chats with a crabber on Maryland's Tilghman Island

DENIS BRACK

and DDT, were detected in Pennsylvania and Virginia rivers that flow into the bay.

An even greater source of concern is the destruction of the bay's submerged aquatic grasses. This vegetation produces the oxygen essential for the survival of marine life, stabilizes the shoreline against erosion and provides food for species ranging from ducks to fish to crab larvae. In 1971 this subaquatic plant life could be found in 30% of the Chesapeake and its tributaries. Now, says the EPA study, it can be found in only 4.5% of that area.

One cause of grass loss is an increase of sediment, which blocks the light that plants need in order to carry on photosynthesis. Another problem is the bay's excess of nitrogen and phosphorus. These nutrients "fertilize" the bay and promote the proliferation of algae. When algae decompose, they rob the water of its life-giving oxygen, killing the grasses and the creatures that depend on them. There are areas of the bay—submarine deserts—where nothing at all can live.

Most of the phosphorus, biologists have found, comes from factories and municipal sewage-treatment plants. The nitrogen apparently enters the Chesapeake from farm fields and construction sites, which send fertilizers and soil into rivers and, ultimately, into the bay. Most of this nitrogen comes into the Chesapeake from the Susquehanna River. Flowing across Pennsylvania's rich farm country, the Susquehanna provides the bay with more than 40% of its fresh water and up to three-quarters of its nutrients.

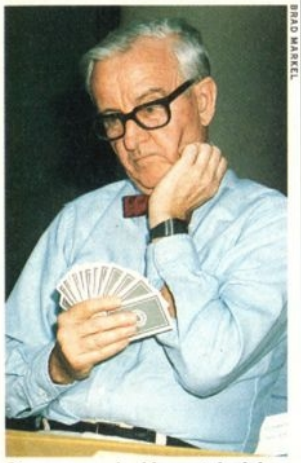
In an attempt to deal with pollutants threatening the bay, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, with federal help, are jointly trying to identify and battle the problems. The cleanup campaign will be costly. Though the President's visit raised hopes that he will sign legislation providing $40 million to improve the bay, the Federal Government has thus far set aside only a modest $10 million. Maryland, the state most affected by the bay's deterioration, has appropriated $36 million in state funds to finance antipollution efforts, but the other affected states have passed Chesapeake cleanup bills that total just a bit over $1 million.

Maryland Governor Hughes acknowledges that getting the necessary cooperation from private citizens may also prove to be difficult. Industrial firms and other property owners have traditionally resisted attempts by state or local authorities to tell them how they can use their land. Maryland's watermen have always opposed efforts to make them curb their catches, although a growing number of them now grudgingly concede that more controlled harvesting is necessary.

It is important that everyone be willing to sacrifice, since the pressures on the bay can only increase. According to a study by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, the population of the bay area will rise by more than 3 million in the next 35 years. —*By Peter Stoler*

People

Summer fun for a Supreme Court Justice does not necessarily mean hitting the beach for swimming, tanning and Frisbee. With the high court now on vacation, Justice **John Paul Stevens,** 64, chose a more deliberative form of relaxation last week. Wearing a well-practiced quizzical expression and a lawyerly bow tie, Stevens captained a team of politicians and judges at a Washington contract-bridge tournament



BRAD MARKEL

Stevens ponder his next decision

against several British parliamentarians. Stevens, a life master, plays his cards not too differently from the way he decides cases—"a little on the conservative side but with dash," said one expert observer. The Americans lost the charity contest, but Stevens did pick up more than one trick. After the players were ushered into the game room by a fife-and-drum corps, Stevens joked, "I enjoyed following the pipers and will recommend to my colleagues on the Supreme Court that we change our procedures."

■

Greetings Dearest Mother,

I hope you have not been believing all those nasty reports about the capitalist beauty pageant here in Miami. Of course, the messy dish they call "tacos" does not compare with your kielbasa, but I can't believe that is why some of the girls got sick and had to go to the hospital. And I must admit that poor Miss Sri Lanka left early; she was so homesick. I missed Poland too, but oh how I wish you could have seen the wonderfully decadent Western luxuries bestowed on the new Miss Universe, a sweet 21-year-old nurse from Sweden named **Yvonne Ryding.** She started with breakfast in bed and will soon get all new clothes to go with her beautiful new mink, a car and a boat and so many other things I can't list them all. I wish it had been me, but I am still proud to have been the first to represent our country in this great spectacle.

Your loving daughter

FAIRELL—PHOTOREPORTERS

The new Miss Universe enjoys her breakfast of champions

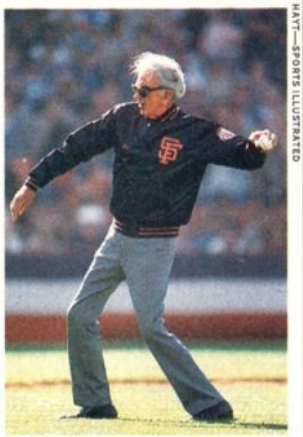
He was not about to sign on as an added—if unrelated—Jackson. Sure, **Jesse Jackson,** 42, could use the millions (campaigns are costly), but the two top touring crowd-pleasers just happened to be in Kansas City at the same time. The minister has known **Michael Jackson,** 25, and his brothers for years. And after taking in the show, he dropped by the hotel suite of Promoter **Don King,** 52, for some barbecue and a little talk about such shared experiences as getting a dose of bad press and their responsibility as symbols for black Americans. "It was said for a while that the only way you could appeal to the masses was to be decadent, but that's not true," observed the candidate. "No dope-oriented album ever sold as much as *Thriller,* and no vulgar artist ever became so famous as Michael has." That being so, the Reverend made sure he would be welcome at home, by getting Michael's autograph for his daughter Jackie.

BRUCE TALAMON

The two Jacksons, with King: a pair of unforgettable summer tours

■

It turned out to be fitting that **Carl Hubbell,** 81, perfecter of the screwball, tossed out the first ball for the All-Star game in San Francisco. Fifty years ago to the day, he had tossed his prized screwball first by Ruth, then Gehrig; he struck out five future Hall of Famers consecutively in that second All-Star game. During last week's 3-1 National League victory, Hubbell's record fell before his eyes as Los Angeles' **Fernando Valenzuela,** with that same screwball flick of the wrist, mowed down the American League's best in the fourth inning. His victims were Yankee Slugger Dave Winfield, then the Angels' Reggie Jackson and finally George Brett of Kansas City. Enter **Dwight Gooden,** at 19 the youngest All-Star ever. The fast-balling New York Mets prodigy struck out Detroit's Lance Parrish and Chet Lemon and, with the record on the line, Seattle Rookie Alvin Davis. Of course, it took two men and 50 years to catch King Carl. ***—By David Finegold and Ho-Kyung Kim***



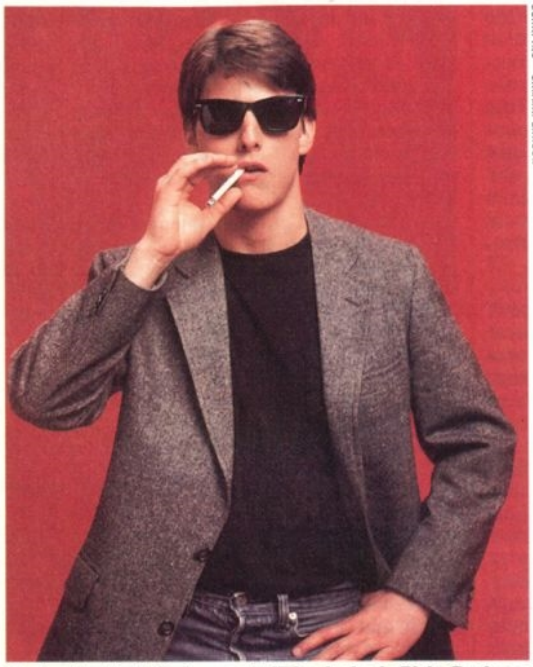
HAYT—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Hubbell and All-Star history again

Status in the Shading Game

A billion dollars in sales make sunglasses the essential accessory

Coool. That's right. "Capital *C*, triple *o*, *l*. Coool." That's how Robert Richard, 18, spells the statement his shades make as he saunters down Los Angeles' *haute*-funky Melrose Avenue. Perched on noses, plunked on heads and dangled on "leashes," sunglasses are making an endless number and variety of fashion statements this summer. Still an obligatory part of the rock-star, sport-star, and any would-be-star uniform, sunglasses are an essential accessory for almost everyone else. Sure, some people may use them just to keep out the glare. But not Louis Peralta, 19, of Galveston, Texas: "What can I say? Everybody has them." Explains Robert Marc, owner of a Manhattan sunglasses store: "It's what others see first. Here's something that sits in the middle of your face, and here's a fairly inexpensive way to change your whole look." Sunglasses have found their place in the sun, and shade.



SCHAFER—GAMMA/LIAISON

Cool epitomized: Cruise sports '50s shades in *Risky Business*

Last year some 85 million of them were bought in the U.S. for about $900 million. This year (no sunnier than last) the market will grow by 25%, adding up to more than a billion dollars. Never before has there been such a phantasmagoria of shapes, sizes, colors and prices: python, polka-dotted and zebra frames, champagne, vermilion and espresso-colored lenses, asymmetric cat's-eyes and jewelry-bedizened sun helmets that cost thousands of dollars. If price is the object, the glittering Optica shop in Beverly Hills has a pair for $35,000. Foster Grant, the largest U.S. manufacturer of popularly priced sunglasses, offers more than 100 styles. Bausch & Lomb, the patriarch of quality shade makers, has at least 200 styles to select from. And people are not shy about choosing. Amanda Brown Olmstead, head of an advertising agency in Atlanta, has nine pairs, which she stores with her jewelry: "I change my glasses just as I change my earrings. What I wear depends on my mood that day and the colors I wear."

TRAYER—GAMMA/LIAISON

Rocker Cyndi Lauper's white shades

ALAIN MIKLI LTD.

Mikli's rhinestone sparklers

This summer, what is considered "fashion forward" looks backward. The name of the frame game is "retro," and the chicest styles recall the '50s and early '60s. The hip grandfather of the look is the Ray-Ban Wayfarer. The dark, clunky, squarish shades with a street-tough elegance evoke the likes of Buddy Holly and James Dean, and are as much a talisman of the '50s as white socks and penny loafers. John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd wore them in the movie *The Blues Brothers,* and in *Terms of Endearment* Jack Nicholson seemed to have Wayfarers grafted onto his face. They became a mass pop phenomenon when Tom Cruise hid himself behind a pair in *Risky Business* in 1983. As a result, says Paul Brickman, the movie's writer-director, kids are buying *attitude,* a "street-bad kind of look." In 1981 Bausch & Lomb produced 18,000 Wayfarers. This year the company expects to sell 600,000. Notes Gai Gherardi, co-owner of Los Angeles' posh l.a. Eyeworks: "When a kid comes in here, he's buying that '50s mystique, that uniform. If he wants to be cool, he'll buy a Wayfarer."

"Nerdy-cool" could be Melrose Avenue argot for the latest addition to sunglass paraphernalia. An accessory's accessory, "leashes" are colored pieces of string or cord attached to the earpieces to prevent shades from falling off. Once an accouterment for sensible librarians and accountants, leashes became stylish after assorted surfers and TV Hunk Tom Selleck put their shades on ropes. Leashes come in as many colors as the glasses they adorn, but cost only a few dollars. Several manufacturers, such as Foster Grant and Opti-Ray, are offering them already attached to the glasses. Says Dow Solari, 35, an electrician from Galveston who wears sunglasses with a leash: "My grandmother had a strap like this on her glasses so she wouldn't lose them."

What some people want from their sunglasses is not style but status. Glasses to be seen in, not to see with. The sturdy Vuarnet, once a favorite with athletes like Jean-Claude Killy and hard-core surfers in California, is now a symbol of conspicuous leisure. Notes a Dallas sunglasses retailer: "You'd be surprised at how many people—especially high school kids—are willing to shell out $70 to $100 for a pair of status sunglasses. I've heard of kids coming in and counting out their last pennies to buy a pair of Vuarnets." The price of prestige can be ruinous, as ostentatious shades have become a tantalizing target for urban muggers.

Some sunglasses manufacturers seem intent on turning the eyeglass frame into a work of art. Carrera Porsches, designed with the help of the West German auto company, have 14-karat gold-plated frames with interchangeable lenses. The

DAVID ASSY

Jean-Claude Killy in his trusty ski glasses

name is stamped on the lens and temple as if it were an artist's signature. Each pair has its own serial number, which turns the glasses into collector's items. The makers even keep a list of Carrera Porsche owners, a kind of Debrett's of day darkeners. The latest name frame is the Christina [De Lorean] Ferrare, which starts at $265. For the insatiable collector, Ferrare offers a limited edition of 100 pairs that are signed and numbered the way lithographs are.

What is inside the frame is not outside the vagaries of fashion. Lenses are as changeable as frames. Three of the most popular are the gradients, monochromatics (the best for the eyes) and photochromics, which get darker in the sunlight. Last year's fad is this year's faux pas: for those in the know, heavily mirrored sunglasses are not only alienating but out.

So if eyes are the windows of the soul, why are people pulling shades over them? Sunglasses impart a double message: concealment is coupled with conspicuousness, and the mask of self-effacement is also self-advertisement. Like those traditional accessories of mystery, the veil and the fan, sunglasses beckon and deflect, suggesting the power of impenetrability while subtly inviting intimacy. Notes Dr. Frank Newell, professor of ophthalmology at the University of Chicago: "There are a lot of reasons other than eye protection that people wear sunglasses. People like to conceal their eyes and what they're looking at." Sunglasses offer protection from prying eyes and the opportunity to pry at will. Says Atlanta Attorney James Barnett: "I like the fact that you can see people, and they can't see you. You're looking out from within, and no one can follow your eyes."

But the reason most people wear them is usually not so subtle. Fun, not sun, is the answer. Why does Miami Secretary Natalie Di Martino, 19, wear a pair of red heart-shaped glasses with tiny yellow circles painted on them? Says she gleefully: "It's me!" ***—By Richard Stengel.***

Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York and Deborah Kaplan/Los Angeles

BETH BAPTISTE

The geometric look with leashes

Law

A Panel Tries to Judge a Judge

A jurist is challenged for his blunt courtroom remarks

"With an audience like this," said U.S. District Judge Miles W. Lord as he gazed around the courtroom, "I should make a speech. It's very tempting." But throughout the two-day hearing last week in St. Paul, the outspoken judge was uncharacteristically quiet. The reason: the subject of the proceeding was Miles Lord.

At issue was Lord's treatment of three top A.H. Robins Co. executives who appeared in his courtroom last February to sign a $4.6 million settlement of seven lawsuits involving the pharmaceutical firm's Dalkon Shield. The intrauterine birth-control device, which was on the market in the U.S. from 1970 to 1974, has been linked to severe pelvic infections and septic abortions; the Shield is also alleged to have caused 18 deaths. Ten thousand women have filed lawsuits and claims against the company, which has thus far paid out $220 million in compensation and $13 million in punitive damages to 5,500 claimants.

JERRY STEBBINS

Lord: populist on the bench

Lord, the chief judge of the U.S. District Court of Minnesota, subjected the three Robins officials to a stinging rebuke. He said the executives should acknowledge their responsibility for the damage done by the birth-control aid. "You planted in the bodies of these women instruments of death, mutilation and disease," he said. "This is corporate irresponsibility at its meanest."

The Robins executives subsequently filed a complaint with the U.S. Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, arguing that the judge had "methodically destroyed their personal and professional reputations" and "grossly abused his office." The complainants asked that he be reprimanded.

A protégé of the late Senator Hubert Humphrey, Lord, 64, was appointed to the federal bench in 1966. He has been a hero to environmentalists since the mid-'70s, when he presided over a case involving charges that the Reserve Mining Co. had been polluting Lake Superior. Lord was eventually removed from that case after a higher court accused him of "gross bias" against the company. In another case that had ecologists cheering, the judge refused to permit a trapping season for Minnesota's Eastern timber wolf; the decision caused considerable upset among farmers, who maintained that the wild predators were killing their livestock.

Blunt and strong-willed, Lord is a resolute populist who has challenged large corporations both inside and outside his courtroom. Lambasting business wrongdoing in the U.S. in a 1981 speech, he declared, "Even Hitler, when he was butchering people, articulated a reason to his madness. We don't even do that." Earlier this year, Lord reluctantly approved a plea bargain with the Sperry Corp., which had been accused of overcharging the Defense Department. "It hasn't been called to my attention," he complained to the Justice Department attorneys, "that any individual has been punished."

At the St. Paul hearing, attorneys for the Robins executives charged that Lord's diatribe in February was an example of judicial irresponsibility at its worst. Five federal judges, including the chief judge of the Eighth Circuit, heard the case, and three other federal judges gave statements in Lord's defense. Representing the Robins executives were former Attorney General Griffin Bell and Jimmy Carter Confidant Charles Kirbo. Leading Lord's defense team was Ramsey Clark, Attorney General in the Administration of Lyndon Johnson.

Bell told the ethics panel that Lord's speech was unfair, since the three executives had not been convicted of any offense. He said the judge has a "professional philosophy that the American corporation is evil."

Clark contended that the traditional detachment of judges is not always appropriate. To say that they can "have no passion for justice, see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil, would be a tragedy." Clark further argued that the Robins complaint was a threat to the independence of the judiciary and should be thrown out.

The five-judge panel is expected to make a recommendation to the Eighth Circuit's judicial council later this summer. Should the council find against Lord, the penalties could range from expunging his offending statements from the official case record to a recommendation of impeachment. But the federal judiciary takes no pleasure in upbraiding its membership, and Judge Lord is unlikely to suffer any sanction for his outspokenness. Of the hundreds of complaints that have been brought against federal judicial officers since 1981, only one has resulted in any action, and that was a mild request for voluntary retirement. ***—By Michael S. Serrill.***

Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/St. Paul

DAN DOUGHTIE

Elderhostelers on a bird watch at Virginia's Washington and Lee University

They Call the Teacher "Sonny"

Students over 60 flock to academe in the Elderhostel program

On U.S. campuses from Maui to Massachusetts, more than 45,000 seniors are going back to school this summer. They are studying everything from quasars to Hawaiian quiltmaking, Plato to paleobiology. Some are traveling to archaeological sites in Israel; others are bird watching in Virginia. They may wake up stiff after sleeping on cots and feel even less comfortable about communal bathrooms. Like other college students, they undoubtedly grouse about cafeteria food. But there is one big difference between these seniors and the ones who donned caps and gowns a month or so ago: their average age is 68.

These new-old students are participants in Elderhostel, a program that combines the low cost of youth-hostel living with the challenge of college courses. The only admission requirement is that students be at least 60 years old (or accompanied by a senior citizen). Founded by former Teacher Martin Knowlton, 64, Elderhostel picks up where most adult-education classes leave off. After spending four years walking through Europe and observing adult-education programs, Knowlton came back to the U.S. determined to eliminate "a lot of the negatives associated with retirement." He believes that "when you're older you learn every bit as well as you ever learned in your life and probably better." Knowlton started the first Elderhostel in 1975 at New England College in Henniker, N.H. Since then, the program has grown mostly by word of mouth. Some foundations and corporations contributed to its development, but the Boston-based enterprise is nearly self-supporting now, with 80,000 students at 750 educational institutions in the U.S. and abroad paying $24 million this year. Part of its success comes from its modest price: one week of courses, room and board costs under $200 in the continental U.S.

The other key to Elderhostel's success is that it is stimulating without being too strenuous. Faculty members at host colleges and universities create their own curriculums, and academic difficulty varies accordingly. Required homework is taboo, but elders are often given the regular college syllabus for reading on their own. At Whittier College in California last month, Elderhostelers began their day at 8 a.m. with breakfast followed by a 9 o'clock class called American Politics on Film. A 10:30 class offered hands-on training with Apple computers. Afternoons, everyone hopped into the shallow end of the college pool for a course called Aquasize, or aquatic exercise. Dinner was at 6 p.m., followed by a 7 p.m. screening of the movie to be discussed at the next morning's politics class.

Elderhostelers are generally seeking adventure, but many arrive with specific goals. Nearly 60% have college degrees, and 30% have been schoolteachers. Edwin Slocum, 91, a former accountant from Van Nuys, Calif., took a computer course at Whittier. His reason: "When my grandchildren begin talking about computers they lose me fast." Estella Bagnell, 85, a former bookkeeper now living in Tampa, took a course in writing family history at Rollins College in Florida because she wants to put her research on the genealogy of the Bagnell family into narrative form for her eleven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Elderhostel provides a camaraderie that many older people find missing from their lives. Says Mary Fox, 68, a former teacher: "The courses are terrific, but the people themselves are the best." At the end of Whittier College's program, Louise O'Farrell, 63, a retired bookkeeper, and Margaret Berlier, 72, a former teacher, made plans to meet again in London at an August Elderhostel. O'Farrell has attended 20 Elderhostel courses so far, ranging from entomology and botany at Eastern Kentucky University to Victorian art at the University of London. Says she: "Getting the Elderhostel catalogue is like getting a wish book for Christmas."

Teachers find that Elderhostel students can be refreshingly different from seniors of traditional college age. Says Arnold Wettstein, a professor of religion at Rollins College: "These people know who they are and are quite willing to look at the professor and say, 'Now, Sonny, you don't have this straight.' " In one communications class at the University of Northern Colorado, the teacher chose the bombing of Pearl Harbor as an example of the result of poor communications. She was challenged by one of her students, who turned out to be a retired Air Force general. Besides their experience and sense of history, elders provide another plus for professors. Observes George C. Higgins Jr., who teaches an Elderhostel course in psychopathology at Trinity College in Connecticut: "They are not trying to get a high score so they can get into law school or compete for a job. The thing that's marvelous is that they are all interested in ideas." *—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Cheryl Crooks/Los Angeles and Sara White/Boston*

STEVE LISS

A class in German culture at Regis College in Massachusetts

Adventure, camaraderie and the challenge of college courses.

Some Classic Small Packages

From Beethoven to Stravinsky, the best of the new CDs

Face facts: compact discs, or CDs as they are known, have arrived. No longer mere technological curiosities, the tiny (4.7 in. in diameter) shiny records have rapidly proliferated since being introduced to the U.S. market little more than a year ago. Today the majority of new classical releases are issued as LPs, cassettes and CDs. At $15 to $21 apiece, not to mention the $550 to $800 or so required for a compact-disc player, an investment in CDs is considerable. But the outlay is well worth it.

Digital sound, recorded by a computer and played back with a laser beam, offers brighter highs and truer lows than conventional analog recording techniques, and eliminates compression and distortion as well. The CD medium has several other practical advantages: most players can be programmed to select cuts in any sequence or repeat a favorite indefinitely; the discs never wear out, since only light touches their surface, and with up to 74 minutes of music on the one usable side, they never have to be flipped over. Finally, they are as easily stored as tapes, yet offer amenities (liner notes, opera librettos) similar to those of regular records. Already there are more than 800 titles available in the U.S. and even more in Europe and Japan. Among the best:

Bizet: Carmen (Agnes Baltsa as Carmen, José Carreras as Don José, Berlin Philharmonic and Paris Opéra Chorus, Herbert von Karajan, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon; 3 CDs). Karajan's earlier *Carmen,* with Leontyne Price and Franco Corelli, was a full-throated spectacular in the grand-opera tradition. This one, 19 years later, reflects his current preference for smaller voices in an almost chamber-like setting. Baltsa, a splendid Greek mezzo, who is not heard often enough on this side of the Atlantic, makes a sultry cigarette girl, and Spanish Tenor Carreras an ardent Don José. The intimate nature of the tragedy is enhanced by the use of spoken dialogue, which Bizet intended.

Prokofiev: Romeo and Juliet selections; "Classical" Symphony (Chicago Symphony, Sir Georg Solti, conductor; London). **Stravinsky: The Rite of Spring** (Cleveland Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, conductor; Telarc). **Stravinsky: Petrushka** (Philadelphia Orchestra, Riccardo Muti, conductor; EMI). **Janáček: Sinfonietta, Taras Bulba** (Vienna Philharmonic, Sir Charles Mackerras, conductor; London). These four albums will give even the most powerful hi-fi systems and doughtiest speakers a thorough workout. The excerpts from Prokofiev's ballet, *Romeo and Juliet,* show off all the Chicago Symphony's sonic lushness and tensile strength, while the quick tempos and transparent textures of the *"Classical" Symphony* let the orchestra's virtuosos display their formidable technical dexterity. The two Stravinsky ballets get outstanding readings from conductors of very different temperaments: Maazel's *Rite* is mercurial and willful, but the conductor's striking interpretation is suited to the score's consummate originality, still startling after 71 years. Muti's *Petrushka,* on the other hand, is rigidly controlled, with every tritone and minor second in its harmonically piquant place, yet just as dramatically vivid. Most spectacular of all is the Vienna Philharmonic's take-no-prisoners account of Leoš Janáček's glorious, brassy *Sinfonietta;* turn up the sound on this one, but make sure the neighbors have left town for the weekend.

Handel: Water Music (English Concert, Trevor Pinnock, conductor; Archiv). Pinnock's English Concert is in the vanguard of the authenticity movement, and its version of the irrepressible *Water Music* on deliciously raucous original instruments is as lively and bumptious as they come, overflowing with the sheer animal high spirits with which Handel infused this exhilarating work.

Beethoven: "Eroica" Symphony (Cleveland Orchestra, Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor; Telarc). Dohnányi, the music director–designate of the Cleveland Orchestra, serves notice with this *"Eroica"* that under his direction the Clevelanders will continue to be one of the U.S.'s finest orchestras. It is a brisk, lucid performance that correctly treats the piece as a fundamentally classic symphony rather than a full-blown essay in romanticism.

Beethoven: Violin Concerto (Violinist Gidon Kremer, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, conductor; Philips). **Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2** (Pianist Ivo Pogorelich, Chicago Symphony, Claudio Abbado, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon). These concertos, featuring two electrifying performers, are of unusual interest. Pogorelich has technique and temperament in equal measure; right from the piano's cascading entry, this is hot-blooded, Russian-style Chopin, more than a continent removed from the genteel salons of 19th century Paris. The Kremer-Marriner partnership in the Beethoven results in an elegant performance deliberately at odds with the customarily virtuosic way of viewing the piece, but the real surprise here is the cadenzas by Alfred Schnittke, a contemporary Soviet composer championed by Kremer. Schnittke's adventurous interludes are a modern commentary on Beethoven's themes and provide a welcome, if at first startling, respite from the usual cadenzas by Joseph Joachim and Fritz Kreisler. This is avant-garde Beethoven with a vengeance that causes the listener to sit up and pay attention to the music. It's about time. —*By Michael Walsh*

Design

Jazzing Up The Functional

A brash young Miami firm offers more than modernity

Modern architecture—the uncluttered, functional kind—has come to be a synonym for boredom in many quarters. But not in Miami, where a brash young firm called Arquitectonica is creating unadorned, mechanical-looking buildings that startle the eye with their loud primary colors and jazzy architectural stunts. Consider, for example, the firm's Atlantis condominium, an apartment tower with a bright blue grid on one side. Twelve stories up, a huge hole has been cut into the slab. The open-air décor of this "sky court" features a swaying palm tree, a curved yellow wall, a red spiral staircase and a blue whirlpool.

Such exuberance is Arquitectonica's way of trying to make up for modern architecture's shortcomings in social purpose and aesthetic satisfaction. These faults have sent other architects to the attic for historic forms and ornaments. Arquitectonica is building on the spirit of daring and experiment that characterized the avant-garde earlier in this century. "We are not trying to create a new style," says Laurinda Spear, 33, one of the founding partners. "We are just trying to make modern architecture more lively and up to date."

Arquitectonica's other principals are Spear's husband Bernardo Fort-Brescia, 32, and Hervin A.R. Romney, 43. The firm's Spanish name is apt, and not only because the buildings show a frisky Latin bravado. Fort-Brescia was born in Peru, and Romney is from Cuba. All three partners, however, are the products of Ivy League schools. Founded only seven years ago, Arquitectonica already has a staff of 29 in its Miami headquarters and has opened offices in Houston and New York City.

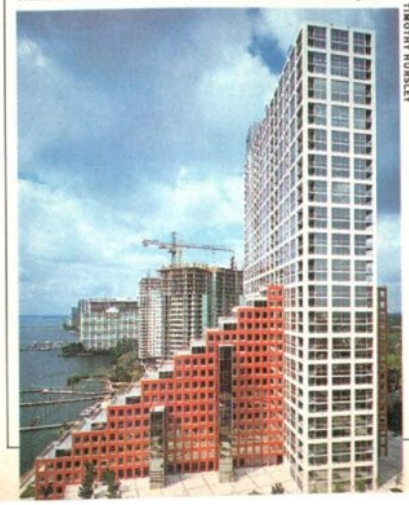
HURSLEY

Town houses in Houston: people will buy modern if it has more to offer than modernity

NORMAN MCGRATH

Atlantis condominium in Miami with "sky court": exuberance that is still functional

Miami's Palace: drama from a red interloper



TIMOTHY HURSLEY

One of the firm's best-known buildings is the controversial Palace in Miami. It consists of a plain 41-story slab with a three-story glass-cube penthouse on top. Rammed right through the side of the slab is what seems like another, smaller building of glass and red stucco. For added drama (and terrace patios), the red interloper steps down like giant stairs.

Currently on the firm's drawing boards or under construction are a courthouse for Dade County, in suburban Miami; a $150 million office-hotel-retail center in downtown Miami; a bank in Peru; a shopping center near Dallas; high-rise buildings for San Antonio and Manhattan; and several town-house clusters in Houston. One completed ten-unit group of the Houston town houses looks, characteristically, like something put together by a gifted child with an oversize Lego toy set: white triangular roofs, extruding yellow strips and even more extruding blue boxes. The houses are designed to provide young urban professional tenants with a sense of efficiency and space on minimal, close-to-downtown lots, and at a reasonable cost. The typical unit contains a garage, a foyer and a 1½-story living room on the first level, a dining balcony and kitchen on the second, and on the third a den, master bedroom and "Hollywood" bathroom—a tripartite affair in which two powder rooms adjoin a common bath. Price of the only unsold unit: $157,500.

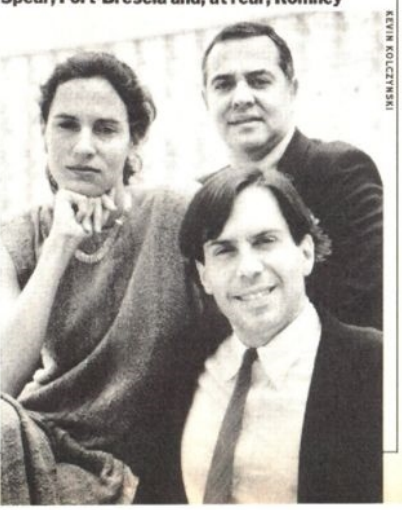
In Manhattan, Arquitectonica faced the problem of considerably enlarging a seven-story brick apartment house without disturbing it. The solution: a slim, new, 35-story tower that straddles the old building. The new building is abruptly interrupted by a kind of roof garden with a domed swimming pool and a jogging track. Arquitectonica plans to deck out the building's façade in a bold, Marimekko-like pattern of white glass, black marble and red-enameled metal.

If the team has done nothing more, it has shown developers that new ideas can pay and that people will buy modern if it has more to offer than modernity. That big hole in the Atlantis condominium, for instance, not only serves the residents as a delightfully dramatic patio, it also serves the developers. Under Miami's zoning regulations they were able to add the apartments that were cut out to the top of the building, where they command a better view and higher prices. The blue grid on the south side of the building adds not only color but also shade, in the manner of Le Corbusier's famous *brise-soleil,* or sun baffle. "If you try to be different," says Fort-Brescia, "be sure that it functions right. My father was a developer. We know better than to fool around with costs and construction schedules."

Fort-Brescia and Spear admit to being influenced by the Russian constructivists (like Vladimir Tatlin and El Lissitzky) and their predilection for making architecture a kind of artistic engineering. The team's use of bold primary shades suggests the paintings of Mondrian's *De Stijl.* And some of its whimsy—such as the yellow, finlike balconies that stick out of the Atlantis' glass façade to emphasize its entrance—recalls Miró.

The main drawback of Arquitectonica's visually noisy modernism is that it does not get along easily with older, more urbane neighbors. One also shudders at the thought of mediocre imitations of Arquitectonica's audacity. It is inimitable. Only the young team's unique combination of skills could bring such fresh appeal and energy to the architectural scene. ***—By Wolf Von Eckardt***

Spear, Fort-Brescia and, at rear, Romney



KEVIN KOLCZYNSKI

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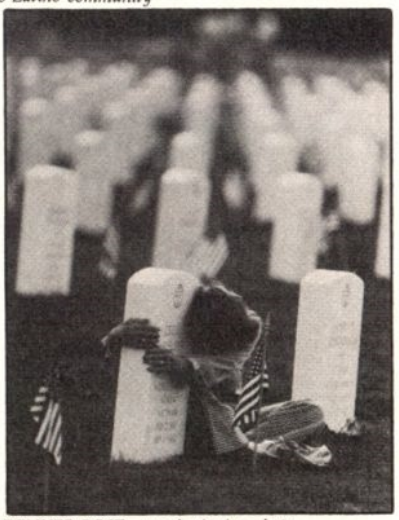

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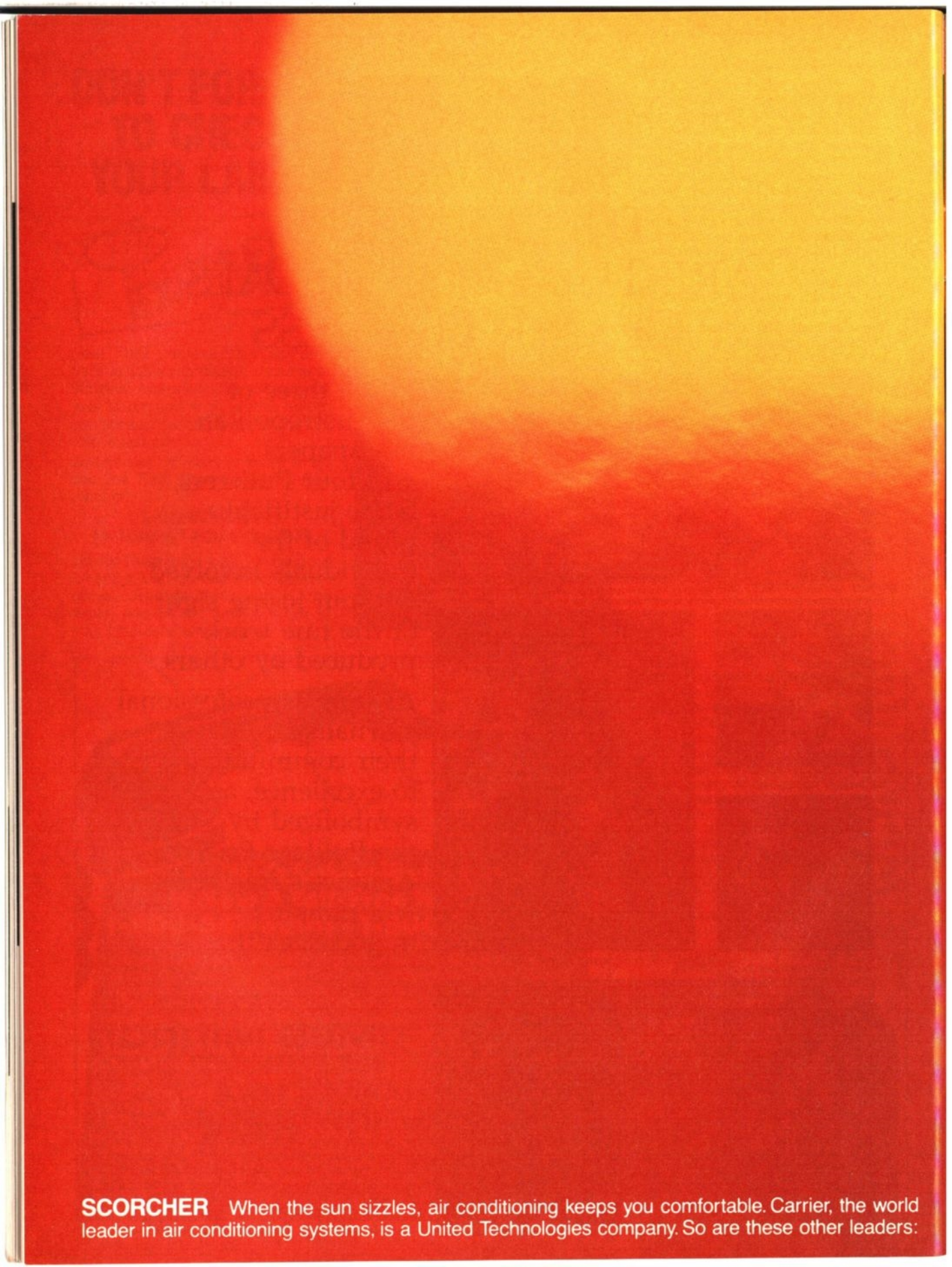

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Tales of Privacy and Politics

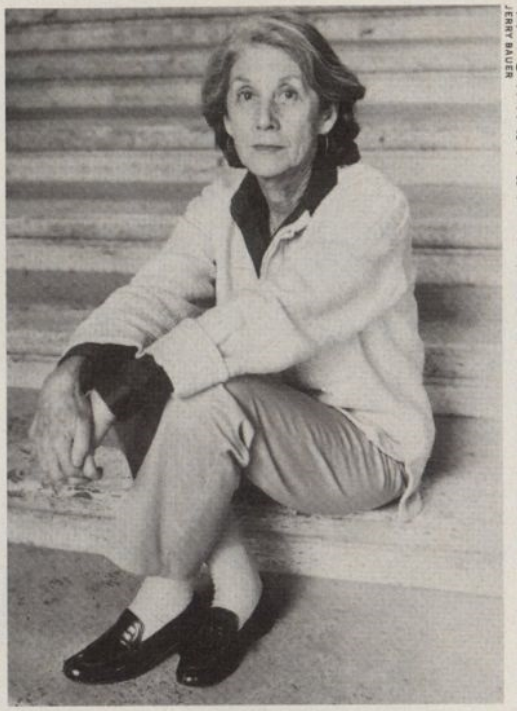
SOMETHING OUT THERE *by Nadine Gordimer; Viking; 203 pages; $15.95*

In eight novels and eight previous collections of short fiction, South African Author Nadine Gordimer, 60, has emerged as the most influential home-grown critic of her country's repressive racial policies. But that reputation tends to blur some of the finer distinctions of her art. She is not really a polemicist. The portraits of her native land shade softly into irony and indirection; an overriding injustice must be deduced from small, vividly realized details. Her most important contribution to contemporary letters is not a moral message but the brilliant and memorable ways she has found to deliver it.

Nor is Gordimer a one-subject writer. Of the title novella and nine stories that make up *Something Out There,* four have nothing to do with apartheid or South Africa. *Letter from His Father* is a *jeu d'esprit* altogether outside the land of the living. From beyond the grave, Hermann Kafka answers a famous message left by his son Franz: "You wrote me a letter you never sent. It wasn't for me—it was for the whole world to read. (You and your instructions that everything should be burned. Hah!)" The old man is not content simply to refute the younger Kafka's charges. He turns self-defense into the art of attack: "And you sitting there at meals always with a pale, miserable, glum face, not a word to say for yourself, picking at your food . . . You haven't forgotten that I used to hold up the newspaper so as not to have to see that. You bear a grudge. You've told everybody. But you don't think about what there was in a father's heart. From the beginning. I had to hide it behind a newspaper—anything. For your sake." Readers who know nothing about the Kafkas will still have no trouble catching this story's amusing and poignant drift: rare are the parents who can recognize themselves in their children's eyes.

Three stories brush against the private vagaries of love. In *Sins of the Third Age,* a couple eagerly plan their retirement to a farm in Italy. Then the husband announces, "I've met somebody." The wife is stunned but ultimately agrees to live out their remaining years together, just as they had always expected. She finds the infidelity hard to bear, but not as shattering as her husband's lethargic confession that he has renounced his lover. In *Rags and Bones,* a woman buys an old tin chest at a junk shop and discovers within it a cache of more than 300 love letters. She spends a day reading them, vicariously participating in a passion that her own fashionable life holds at bay. In *Terminal,* a woman with cancer begs her husband not to interfere if she decides to commit suicide. But an agonizing dilemma then arises: How should he love her—by letting her die, or by refusing to abet their separation?

Such moral complexities do not disappear when Gordimer addresses, directly or by analogy, the problems of South Africa. *At the Rendezvous of Victory* shows the aftermath of a successful black revolution in an unnamed land. Broad social justice has unquestionably triumphed, but the blessings are bestowed unevenly. The new regime finds itself increasingly embarrassed by Sinclair ("General Giant") Zwedu, the military hero of the war for freedom. The blunt soldier does not mix easily in the brave new world of international alliances and monetary congresses. His former colleagues shunt Zwedu toward oblivion, using the lure of well-heeled debauchery. In *A City of the Dead, a City of the Living,* a black couple in Soweto take in a visitor who may have been involved in the terrorist bombing of a police station. He and the husband talk politics; the wife, increasingly unsettled for reasons of her own, reports the guest to the white authorities.



JERRY BAUER

Nadine Gordimer: shading softly into irony and indirection

Something Out There covers the broad swath of Johannesburg suburbs, where two strange things are happening at the same time. One of them makes the headlines. A mysterious creature seems to be roaming over manicured lawns. House pets have been found mauled or killed, swimming pools disturbed by unexplained rustling in surrounding trees. The more serious menace goes unrecognized and unheralded. A seemingly harmless white couple rent a house and are secretly joined there by two black men in a plot to blow up a nearby power station.

These two threads of plot are linked by the common element of fear. Whites are made edgy by the unidentified invader in ways that they cannot or will not understand: "All the residents of the suburbs wanted was for the animal to be confined in its appropriate place, that's all, zoo or even circus. They were prepared to pay for this to be done." Gordimer rarely allows herself passages of such clear and cutting satire. Whites in South Africa have already paid, to keep the majority of blacks in an "appropriate" place, a price yet to be reckoned.

The frustrated novelist in Manhattan, contemplating his third mid-life crisis; the divorcee in Iowa City, typing out the beastly habits of her ex-husband; such writers might well envy the panoramic scene that Nadine Gordimer inherited as a birthright. The raw material is, to be sure, stupendous: an outlaw nation on a seething, exotic continent, with a social system based on a fiction of magnificent folly. Given such stories, what author could fail? Gordimer has been fortunate in her subject, but she continues to magnify this gift, to transform what is happening into fiction not to be forgotten.

—By Paul Gray

Excerpt

"A chimpanzee, some insist. A large monkey, say others . . . Every household in the fine suburb had several black servants—trusted cooks who were allowed to invite their grandchildren to spend their holidays in the backyard . . . a shifting population of pretty young housemaids whose long red nails and pertness not only asserted the indignity of being undiscovered or out-of-work fashion models but kept hoisted a cocky guerrilla pride against servitude to whites: there are many forms of resistance not recognized in orthodox revolutionary strategy."

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Antimodern

REQUIRED WRITING:
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES 1955-1982
by Philip Larkin; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 328 pages; $17.95

If merit determines Britain's next poet laureate—not necessarily a safe assumption—then Philip Larkin, 61, will get the job. In that event, the Queen's subjects had better brace themselves for a jolt. Larkin can speak for England, but it is the gray, postimperial England of rationed hopes and undercutting humor, the England of Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim*, which was dedicated to Larkin and is regarded as his youthful portrait.

Larkin, librarian of the University of Hull since 1956, feels a "need to be

FAY GODWIN

Philip Larkin

on the periphery of things." Despite a growing reputation as a poet, built up at roughly ten-year intervals by four spare collections of verse, he hates to give readings, lectures or TV appearances because "I don't want to go around pretending to be me." Politically he is an unabashed Thatcherite; culturally he is a virtual reactionary who maintains that modernism has "blighted all the arts." Most of his poems are sprucely rhymed and metered; yet his themes are decline, loss, things not working out. As he puts it, "Deprivation is for me what daffodils were for Wordsworth."

Larkin's idiosyncrasies sparkle throughout *Required Writing*, an immensely readable gathering of his nonfiction prose. The topics reflect the diversity of freelance journalism, from the poems of Andrew Marvell to the novels of Ian Fleming, from jazz to a bachelor's speculations about why people get married. Larkin seems to have seized upon each assignment as an opportunity to puncture what has been overpraised, to praise what has been overlooked, or to make some wry self-revelation. Sometimes he does all three at once, as in his discussion of W.H. Auden. He recalls finding the famous older writer "frightening" when he met him, but he does not hesitate to slap down Auden's post-1940 American output as "too verbose to be memorable and too intellectual to be moving," well below the energetic, socially committed English Auden of the 1930s.

Predictably, Larkin has little patience with the idea that poets should keep the child in themselves alive. It was the "pseudo-immaturity" in Emily Dickinson, he argues, that left her "appearing to posterity as perpetually unfinished and willfully eccentric." He deplores the contemporary tendency to venerate "almost any poet who can produce evidence of medical mental care." Poetry, for Larkin, is emphatically "an affair of sanity, of seeing things as they are." For him the two writers who have done that best in recent times are Thomas Hardy ("many times over the best body of poetic work this century so far has to show") and John Betjeman, the last laureate, who is cited as "a poet for whom the modern poetic revolution has simply not taken place."

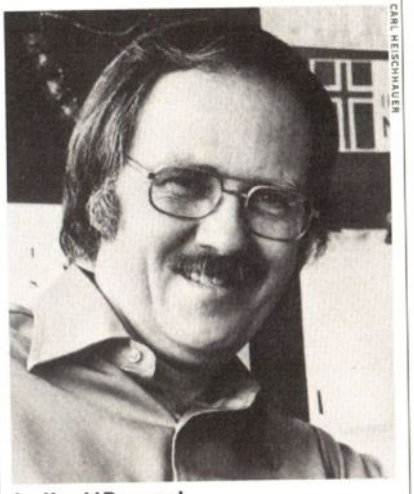
The section of jazz reviews that ends the book enables Larkin to thresh out his quarrel fully with modernism. He writes warmly about his youthful passion for the likes of Armstrong, Beiderbecke and Ellington, but charges that Bebop Saxophonist Charlie Parker destroyed it all with music that gave "the effect of drinking a quinine martini and having an enema simultaneously." Parker thus joins Pound and Picasso in Larkin's unholy trinity of decadent experimenters, and jazz's evolution becomes a capsule version of the "degeneration into private and subsidized absurdity" that he believes is overtaking all the arts. What has been lost, Larkin insists, is his conception of the right relation between artist and audience: the artist obliged to be clear and expressive, and above all to give pleasure; the audience, unbullied by modishness or obfuscation, free to ask for its money back if it is uncomfortable or bored. It is a standard, not so incidentally, to which *Required Writing* would measure up splendidly. **—By Christopher Porterfield**

Legends

THE CHOKING DOBERMAN
by Jan Harold Brunvand
Norton; 240 pages; $13.95

It usually happens at dinner parties. Did you hear, a voice whispers, what happened to a friend of a friend? Her daughter was squeezed to death by her own blue jeans while sitting in a full bathtub in order to shrink them. Or was it her son, killed when he rashly cut open an Atomic Golfball?

According to Jan Harold Brunvand, a professor of English at the University of Utah, these accounts share two attributes: a narrator who swears to their veracity, and the label of modern urban folklore. The legends follow classic folklore patterns: they never vary in key elements (it is always a rat found in a soda bottle, for instance, never some other varmint), and they are still passed on by word of mouth. Consider the chilling tale about Procter & Gamble. Four years ago a rumor suddenly sprung up that the company trademark, a man-in-the-moon profile facing 13 stars, was a satanic symbol signifying a pact with the devil. During June 1982, 15,000 callers inquired about the image. The company counterattacked, suing individuals for spreading the story and even recruiting prominent religious leaders like the Rev. Jerry Falwell to testify that they had reviewed the evidence and were convinced that the company was "still pure."



CARL HEISCHHAUER

Jan Harold Brunvand

Brunvand is especially adept at tracing apparently fresh stories to ancient roots. The belief that Mickey Mouse's image on drug-laced stickers was part of a plot to hook youngsters on LSD, for example, has parallels in the 1840 tale that the world's first adhesive postage stamps, Britain's Penny Black, had poisonous glue that exposed users to cholera.

The most fully documented legend concerns the choking Doberman of the title. A woman arrives home to find her dog in convulsions. The vet extracts a pair of human fingers lodged in the beast's throat; police discover a mutilated burglar whimpering in the woman's bedroom closet. Brunvand patiently traces this yarn back to a terse, ancient Welsh folk tale: "Dog has saved child from serpent. Father sees bloody mouth, thinks the dog has eaten the child, and kills the dog."

Why do these gory tales persist? According to Brunvand's plausible thesis, they confirm our fears and dovetail so neatly with our preconceptions that, despite considerable evidence to the contrary, we just about will them to be true. **—By Kenneth Turan**

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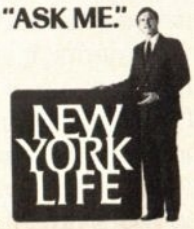

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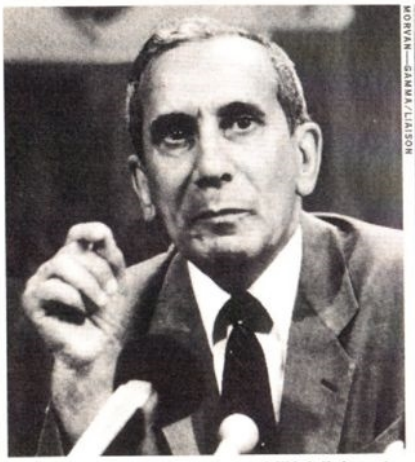
A Bridge Builder Takes Charge

The World Council of Churches picks a conciliatory new leader

To the growing dismay of conservative churchgoers in the U.S. and Europe, the World Council of Churches seems to have been moving increasingly away from its avowed purpose of fostering Christian unity. In recent years the ecumenical organization, which represents 301 Protestant, Anglican and Orthodox churches with more than 400 million members, has appeared to many to have placed more emphasis on such complex social problems as racism and political oppression than on traditional spiritual concerns. Last week in Geneva the council took a step toward a more tranquil course with the election of a new General Secretary: Emilio Castro, 57, a Methodist minister from Uruguay. Dutch Ecumenist Willem Visser 't Hooft, 83, the organization's first chief officer, said that Castro "is more of a bridge builder between those who want to emphasize the role of the church in the world and those who favor the evangelical approach."



MORVAN—SYGMA/JIXSON

Emilio Castro: a soft-spoken, skillful diplomat

WILLIAM T.—WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

Philip Potter: a dynamic, ardent proponent

Castro was elected overwhelmingly by the W.C.C.'s 158-member central committee after four hours of debate. The 23-member nominating committee had previously considered two additional names: the Rev. Arie Brouwer of Inwood, Iowa, former head of the Reformed Church in America, and the Rev. John Bluck, a New Zealand theology professor. Castro becomes the fourth man to occupy the top W.C.C. post since the organization was established in 1948. He will succeed Philip Potter, 62, a Methodist minister from Dominica. A dynamic preacher, Potter has ardently espoused liberation theology, which finds scriptural justification for those who rebel—even violently—against oppressive social and political systems.

While liberation theology has numerous advocates in Third World churches, it has been criticized by conservatives in the U.S. and Europe as a code phrase for Christian support of Marxist revolutionary movements. Under Potter's twelve-year stewardship, the W.C.C. has endorsed Palestinian rights and opposed U.S. policy in Central America. It has also made modest grants to guerrilla groups that helped topple the white-run government of Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and to those that are now trying to end South Africa's apartheid rule. Meanwhile, the W.C.C. has been only mildly critical of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and almost mute about religious and human rights violations in the East bloc.

Though more soft-spoken than his predecessor, Castro is equally committed to social justice. Born in Montevideo, Castro was one of nine children of a Spanish immigrant mother and Chilean father. The family was Roman Catholic, but as a youth he played with children from a nearby Methodist church. Says Castro, a short, slender man with an infectious smile: "I ultimately found Jesus Christ through my personal contacts. It was not a church-to-church conversion."

After graduating from Buenos Aires' Union Theological Seminary in 1950, he studied with renowned Protestant Theologian Karl Barth in Basel, Switzerland. Castro, married and the father of two children, has served as a pastor in Uruguay and Bolivia, and has held several administrative posts, including the presidency of Uruguay's Evangelical Methodist Church. In 1973 he moved to Geneva to become director of the W.C.C.'s Commission on World Mission and Evangelism. He left that post last year to work on a doctorate.

Though he has never been active in ecclesiastical politics, Castro has engaged in the secular variety. While head of his home church, he appeared on a TV show, *Know Your Rights,* publicly supported a leftist coalition and was mentioned as its possible vice-presidential candidate. In 1970, after leftist Tupamaro terrorists abducted Dan Mitrione, an American adviser to the Uruguayan police, Castro volunteered to mediate between the kidnapers and authorities, an offer the government ignored.

Castro will not begin his five-year term until next year, but his skill at steering a middle course was already in evidence last week. Neither Marxism nor capitalism can properly be called Christian, he said. At the center of one is "materialist affirmation," at the other the "profit motive." Referring to liberation theology, he said that "liberation in the sense of a passion for the marginal, the outcast, the periphery, is a central dimension of all my preaching and writing." He favors a pacifist approach to combatting poverty and oppression. Nonetheless, he said, "I do not judge those who fight with different methods."

Whether Castro can heal the breach between conservatives and liberals in W.C.C.-affiliated churches remains to be seen. But he has at least begun to demonstrate his talent as a nimble diplomat. ***—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Robert Kroon/Geneva***

One More Try

Remarriage for Anglicans

Divorced Anglicans, like divorced Roman Catholics, are denied a church wedding should they wish to give marriage another go. But with Britain's divorce rate now one in three, the Church of England's General Synod last week decided that the second time around deserved a bit of help. By a vote of 254 to 145, it gave provisional approval for divorced individuals to be married in church after their cases have been reviewed and approved by the local bishop and parish priest. The proposal now goes to the church's 44 dioceses for comment before a final vote by the General Synod.

Though bitterly opposed by some traditionalists as a mockery of a sacred vow, the new policy is backed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie. Says he: "Fidelity to something which has gone is like asking someone who is an agnostic to be martyred for the faith." If three-fourths of the dioceses support the proposed change, as is expected, divorced Anglican men and women may be promising once again to forsake all others and be "faithful so long as ye both shall live," possibly as early as the fall of 1985. ■

Styles for a Summer Night

New films from the U.S., The Netherlands, Britain and Mexico

THE LAST STARFIGHTER

Nice idea: a video game that is designed not merely as an amusement for idle teenage reflexes but as aptitude test and recruiting device for Starfighters. These warriors are needed to defend a space frontier, maintained by the Star League, an interplanetary alliance threatened by the dread, yucky Ko-Dan.

Nice performance: Robert Preston as a sort of intergalactic Music Man who markets the games here below and lures earthlings skyward to battle for righteousness. After almost a half-century, Preston's energy and infectious pleasure in performance remain delightful.

Curious lapse: once young Alex Rogan (Lance Guest) reluctantly leaves his dismal trailer park and his pert girlfriend (Catherine Mary Stewart) and arrives on Rylos, staging area for the paltry battle to come, he is either too polite or too dense to mention its uncanny resemblance to the mechanical landscapes scattered about the *Star Wars* galaxy. Of course he can't hear the score (marked-down John Williams) and is perhaps too caught up in the action to notice how much everyone and everything he meets resembles software, hardware and ideas people have all had just about enough of. Inexpressively written by Jonathan Betuel and languidly directed by Nick Castle Jr., *The Last Starfighter* offers the audience little more than the pleasure of naming its previous movie bases as it touches them. Let's see: *TRON* . . . *E.T.* . . . *Close Encounters* . . . And so to sleep. **—By Richard Schickel**

Lance Guest

THE 4TH MAN

Sometimes menacing, often bleakly comic, always alarmingly precognitive, the visions of Writer Gerard Reve (Jeroen Krabbé) have their cinematic possibilities. The trouble is his movie is mostly banal, the stuff of arrested adolescence. It contains obsessively recurring images: woman as spider, devouring her mate once she has lured him to sexual consummation; woman as elusive Madonna, offering salvation to wayward boys if only they can catch her attention; campy sacrilege committed on Catholic iconography; gloomy reflections on the artist's unhappy lot in a staid bourgeois society, with particular reference to Holland, where the audience is uneconomically small and the language is not exactly a popular international currency.

Jeroen Krabbé

All of this decorates, like so many ostrich feathers, Gerard Soeteman's perverse script of a homosexual who grudgingly accepts a wealthy woman's favors in the hope that she will introduce him to her other lover, a lovely, coarse lad who seems to offer the possibility of degradation along with the joy of sex. The question is, Will one or the other of them meet with murder (or just incredibly bad luck) after conjoining with her? The answer is, Who cares?, especially as she is played with a placid lack of threat by Renée Sontendijk.

Buoyed by some stylish exoticism, by Krabbé's ferocious performance as its bedeviled protagonist (a less gay gay the movies have never offered) and by the mysteriously growing repute of Director Paul Verhoeven (he was responsible for the stodgy *Soldier of Orange* and the ugly *Spetters*), *The 4th Man* is bobbing prosperously along the art circuit, a midsummer night's titillation for the would-be with-its. But the movie's ultimate fate, surely, is to be celebrated, along with *Pink Flamingos* and its ilk, at the midnight masses of the lavender thrill mob. **—R.S.**

ANOTHER COUNTRY

A decade after the Great War, the playing fields of Eton and Westminster were trod by a generation of upper-class traitors to the Empire: Guy Burgess, Kim Philby and the rest. In the 1980s, these homegrown spies have stoked a boomlet of plays, TV shows and films. Julian Mitchell's 1981 play, *Another Country*, is set in a public school very much like Eton and features a 17-year-old, Guy Bennett, very much like the young Guy Burgess. Prinked up in Oscar Wilde frippery, gaily mocking the prefects' hypocritical rites of passage, standing defiantly outside this class system, Bennett is a sexual subversive. By play's end, encouraged by a caustic Marxist classmate, Guy is ready to become a political subversive as well. Traitor to his gender, traitor to his country. Why bloody not?

Rupert Everett

The play worked. As witty and discreet as if it had been written in the 1930s, it defined Bennett's rebellion against his austere schoolmates as one of style and substance. The film version, directed by Marek Kanievska, is a botch. Every shot is vaselined with romanticism; every dewy undergraduate looks ready to pose in his Calvins; and Rupert Everett's Bennett, a dandy dandy on the London stage, has become gross on-screen. Instead of a national tragedy in embryo, what we get is a posh summer camp. **—By Richard Corliss**

ERENDIRA

The dreamscape of a Gabriel García Márquez story is like the vision of a Chagall on peyote. Violence and magic live there, in a desert village that holds the secret to every folktale and human atrocity. There a rose can glow in the dark, an orange open to reveal a diamond in its center, a paper butterfly take flight and land against a wall, fresh and flat as new paint. In a dark, lush corner of the García Márquez canvas one can see Erendira (pronounced Eh-*ren*-de-ra) and her dotty grandmother. They live alone, slave and exacting mistress of a crumbling manor, and when the house burns down, Grandma blames Erendira and takes the girl out to the desert to earn their keep on her back. Erendira's passive expertise as a prostitute makes her famous and her grandmother rich; soldiers and senators pay dearly for her favors. Only a young man named Ulysses has the key to her chaste heart. He will free Erendira by killing Grandma—he will try, anyway, with a knife, explosives and a ton of rat poison—but the tenacious crone is as hard to dispatch as Rasputin, or the Roadrunner, or a nightmare of repression.

Claudia Ohana

Years ago, García Márquez wrote an early version of the *Erendira* script; later the story served as an anecdote in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Now it serves as Third World political metaphor: the old woman is a conquistador who exploits the native beauty and animal passions of the new land; Erendira is like a developing country, silently fighting her way out of debt and domination. As directed by Ruy Guerra, this made-in-Mexico movie is often careless about building tension within the frame or climaxes within the story. But it captures enough of García Márquez's surreal humor to make for an entertaining fable with the aftertaste of narrative anarchy. Claudia Ohana, a dusky young stunner with a feral strength about her, is an ideal Erendira. And Irene Papas, her eyes ablaze with deranged hauteur, gives a hilarious, all-stops-out performance as Grandma. Through these two attractive opposites, García Márquez's demons leap off the screen and into the moviegoer's own unshakable dreams. **—R.C.**

Theater

The Laureate of Longing

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA *by William Inge*

When *Come Back, Little Sheba* opened on Broadway in 1950, critics hailed its author, William Inge, as an authentic voice of the plain people west of the Mississippi. He burnished his reputation for passionate simplicity with *Picnic* (winner of a 1953 Pulitzer Prize), *Bus Stop* (1955) and *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* (1957). Never a master of plot or construction, Inge was incomparably tender, a poet laureate of adolescent sexuality and middle-aged longing. An honored place in theater history seemed assured. Then all went sour. Flop followed flop; drink and depression overtook him. When he committed suicide in 1973, the New York *Times* obituary appraised him as a man who had "lost his gift."

Gift there was, however, and after near oblivion, Inge is being rediscovered: last week the Roundabout Theater in New York City mounted a powerful *Come Back, Little Sheba,* the first major Manhattan production since its premiere. The Berkshire Theater Festival in Stockbridge, Mass., is currently staging *A Loss of Roses* with Elizabeth Franz and Shaun Cassidy. A musical version of *Bus Stop* and a West Coast stage revival of *Picnic* are pending, and Washington *Post* Drama Critic David Richards is writing an Inge biography.

Like all of Inge's best plays, *Sheba* is slight of plot but musky with atmosphere. An alcoholic chiropractor (Philip Bosco) and his slatternly wife (Shirley Knight) live in a dreary house in the Midwest, diverted from maudlin introspection only by their boarder, a sprightly college student (Mia Dillon). Doom seeps through every dusty curtain. Although the husband is supposedly recovered, it is apparent that he is looking for an excuse to take a drink. Although the college girl is beloved as a surrogate for the couple's baby daughter who died 20 years before, it is evident that she will, however inadvertently, add to the wreckage of the marriage. The title refers to the wife's calling for a lost puppy, yet it is clear that hers is in truth a *cri de coeur* for the unassuageable pain of growing old before she has even grown up. If this is the heartland, it is as seen by Freud: the husband lusts after the girl and fantasizes about her as the virtuous virgin that his wife was not; the wife acts kittenish even with the milkman; the girl selects lovers, then discards them. Middle age is portrayed as a time of aching sexual frustration, made more acute by the close-at-hand vision of youth. Some of Inge's kitchen-sink exposition seems dated and clumsy in its mix of naturalism and artifice. But *Sheba* remains a showcase for poignant acting. Knight attains a lumpish sweetness but does not sentimentalize her character as a victim. Bosco has little to do until his whisky-sodden storming, but radiates the disappointment that beclouds the house. Dillon blends coy charm with unhesitating selfishness. And as her beau of convenience, Kevin Conroy is boisterously funny yet pathetic, reveling in his self-image as "a brute," never realizing that it is he who is being overpowered. Inge did not transform his characters: they end where they began. But he understood them. In their interplay was genuine life, often blunted but ever resilient.

—By William A. Henry III

MARTHA SWOPE

Knight, left, bewilderedly admires Bosco's card trick

Remembering wistfully the urgent intimacy of youth.

Milestones

ARRESTED. Stephen Bingham, 42, fugitive lawyer charged with five counts of murder and one of conspiracy for aiding an alleged 1971 prison-breakout attempt by black Radical George Jackson in which the prisoner, two trusties and three guards were killed; in San Rafael, Calif. Bingham turned himself in, and denied smuggling a gun to Jackson, who had been in San Quentin awaiting trial for murder. Bingham said he had fled because he was convinced that he could not get a fair trial.

DIED. George Oppen, 76, Pulitzer-prizewinning poet of spare, free-form verse; in Sunnyvale, Calif. An active leftist, he gave up poetry for 28 years for political involvement, living by publishing the work of such poets as Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams and by laboring as a tool-and-die maker and furniture designer.

DIED. Raymond Patriarca, 76, undisputed godfather of organized crime in New England for a quarter of a century; of a heart attack; in Providence. Despite more than 40 arrests and 18 convictions for crimes including bootlegging, armed robbery, auto theft, and breaking and entering, the Massachusetts-born Patriarca always denied that he was anything but a legitimate vending-machine distributor. Indicted in 1980 and 1981 on charges of labor racketeering and ordering the execution of two underworld figures, he never stood trial because of poor health.

DIED. Peter Hurd, 80, acclaimed artist of the American Southwest whose paintings, murals and lithographs depicted the sere, light-drenched landscapes and unworldly local personalities of his native New Mexico; of complications of Alzheimer's disease; in Roswell, N. Mex. A West Point dropout who studied with N.C. Wyeth and later married the illustrator's daughter Henriette, also a painter, Hurd was a World War II combat artist for LIFE. During the 1950s and '60s he painted more than a dozen covers for TIME, the most notable being that of President Lyndon Johnson as 1964's Man of the Year, which Hurd did jointly with his wife. That led to the 1965 commission for Johnson's official portrait, which L.B.J. rejected as "the ugliest thing I ever saw."

DIED. Brassaï, 84, internationally renowned photographer who recorded the nighttime Parisian underworld of whores, hoodlums and homosexuals, of brothels, cabarets and opium dens, with a unique combination of directness, detachment and generosity; of a heart attack; in Eze sur Mer, France. Born Gyula Halász in Brassó (the origin of his pseudonym), in what is now Rumania, he went to Paris in 1924 to sculpt and write, then turned to photography to illustrate his articles. In 1933 his first major collection of seamy scenes, *Paris de Nuit,* was a sensation; a larger, franker version published in 1976, *The Secret Paris of the 30s,* was a U.S. bestseller. Brassaï's multiple talents included friendship, and in his volumes of portraits there are reminiscences of Bonnard, Giacometti, Henry Miller, Samuel Beckett and, especially, Picasso.

The Eleventh Megatrend

Ralph and Wanda grapple with Boy George and androgyny

Ralph: I have this great new idea for a rock group, Wanda. Four or five people come out onstage dressed as girls. Now here's the twist: although decked out in female clothing, they really *are* girls. I know rock fans may be offended, but I want to stress that the group could do all the other rock-music things, like wearing pythons and Vermont flags, and naming their babies Futility and Wassermann Test. I wouldn't want to cut them off totally from their culture.

Wanda: I have the feeling that you are about to talk, in your usual measured tones, about the trend toward androgyny.

Ralph: If you insist, dearest. In the old days we had to make do with Alice Cooper, Mick Jagger, unisex barbers and Renee Richards, the tennis player who invented mixed singles. Now we are positively wealthy in sexual confusion. We have Michael Jackson, Annie Lennox, David Bowie and a whole host of warbling transvestites like Boy George. Grace Jones is twice as ferocious as Wilt Chamberlain in *Conan the Destroyer,* at least for those who can tell them apart. Designers of uncertain sexuality are selling dresses to men and men's underwear to women. And any male actor who wants a Broadway role had better look good in a skirt. Travel Writer Jan Morris (James Morris before the operation) wrote a spiffy piece in *Vanity Fair* pointing out that androgyny is a kind of mystic unification anticipated by the great French theologian Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Of course, Teilhard, being dead, is unavailable for rebuttal. It makes a guy like me, still stuck in a single gender, feel like he just can't make it on the cutting edge of the culture.

Wanda: You were never a serious threat to do much edge cutting, Ralph. I really don't think you have to grow red-faced about all this. The Republic won't fall if Brooke Shields puts on a pair of Jockey shorts and Boy George remains unjailed for wearing lipstick.

Ralph: Gosh, isn't that what Lesley Stahl was getting at last week in her landmark *Face the Nation* program on androgyny? Just imagine: the nation was faced with Boy George, Jerry Falwell, John Naisbitt and Gore Vidal, all on the same show! Naisbitt is the author of *Megatrends,* and he thinks androgyny is the eleventh American megatrend. He's got them all numbered, like Nixon's crises. Boy George said his fame is making the world safe for cross-dressers everywhere. Falwell said he thought boys were boys and girls were girls, but then he's always been controversial. Vidal said macho guys are starting to wear skirts because they're bored and have no outlet for their macho skills. Maybe old Gore could mingle a bit more with some unemployed steelworkers and raise his skirt issue with them. You have to admire his lonely fight against coherence. Anyhow, Lesley is a terrific journalist, and I feel confident she'll bounce back from this.

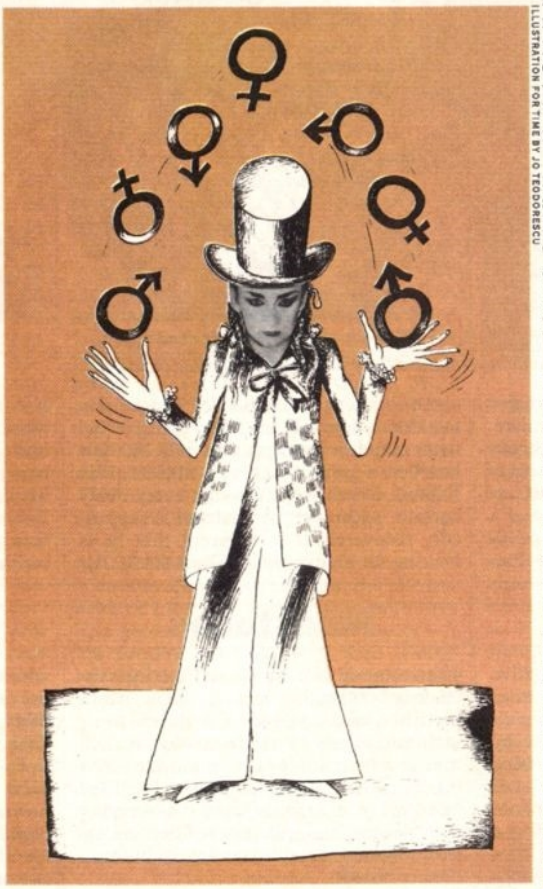


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY JOSEPH CSICSKO

Wanda: The show wasn't as dopey as you say, hardhearted one. Naisbitt thinks men are adopting more "feminine" characteristics like sensitivity, and women more "masculine" ones like aggressiveness. What's wrong with that? He said he thought the readjustment of sexual roles was "probably the most important thing that's going on in this century in America." Jan Morris believes the sexes are becoming recognizably more alike, "converging upon some physical median." She thinks sex will die out in a couple of thousand years, and writes in *Vanity Fair* that "perhaps we are all on the road to intersex; perhaps the world of today, by some inexplicable perception, sees characters like Boy George and me as examples of its own sexual future."

Ralph: Cogently argued, light of my life. Suddenly I share your piercing insight: in the future we will all be boys with strawberry lipstick and travel writers who have had their parts removed. Why didn't I see this before? And we shall all copulate like plants, sending little runners out along the ground to create pea pods full of even more befuddled young sprouts, who in turn will produce their own tiny vegetables. The world shall be a truck farm, dearest.

Wanda: In the future, we won't need the Tarzan-Jane relationships, and whether you are male or female won't matter. The appeal of cross-dressing and sexually ambivalent rock stars is that they tease people like you, with rigid ideas about sex roles, and prepare the way for more relaxed attitudes.

Ralph: I am definitely trying to relax, Wanda. As a matter of fact, I want to go on record as backing the inalienable right of adolescent guitar-bangers everywhere to try on Mommy's clothes. It is the sacred duty of every rock star to irritate as many American parents as possible, and they were coping with this thankless task quite nicely until all the megatrendy analysts had to butt in and declare the dress-up game meaningful. What you have to conclude is that it's extremely hard to be a wacko in America these days. Paint yourself blue and call yourself a doorknob, and nobody titters or sends for help. They adopt you. Phil Donahue invites you over for a deeply empathetic discussion. Jan Morris sees you as a telegram from the year 4000. Someone will start a Blue Doorknob Pride Day and swinging psychiatrists will announce that there's a little bit of blue doorknob in all of us, if we weren't all too repressed to let it out. America's a great country, Wanda. Everybody in it is normal.

Wanda: Ralph, do you ever get the feeling you're ranting? Not out of control, of course, but just sort of carrying on?

Ralph: Wanda, I think you just got in touch with your tough masculine side! As your husband, I find my own feminine side bubbling up androgynously. Can I try on some of your things? Be a good fellow and hand me that little blue number over there . . .

—*By John Leo*

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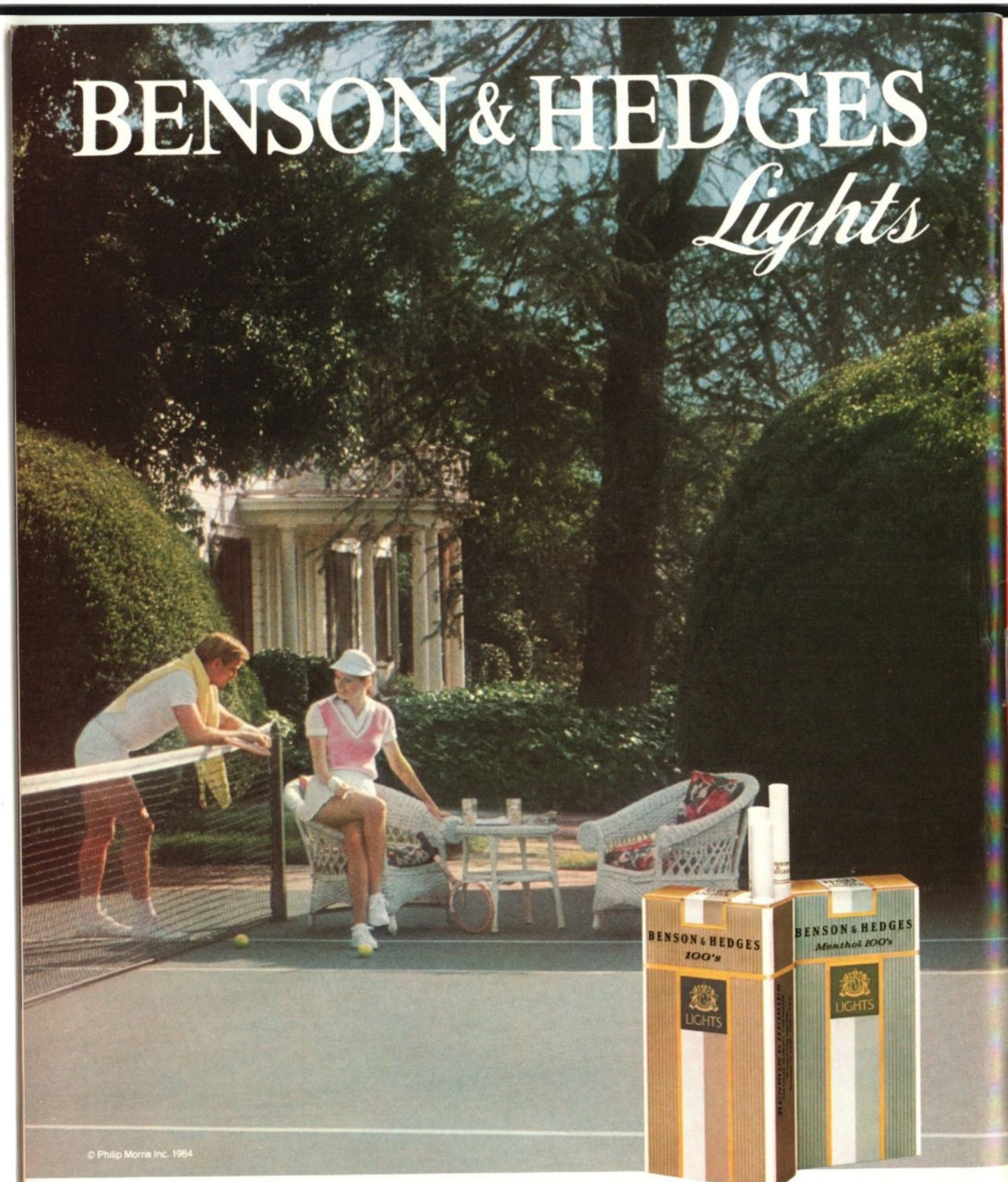

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